ANARCHY by Professor Richard T. Ely and VALUE OF AN ATHLETIC TRAINING by Theodore Roosevelt appear in this Number.

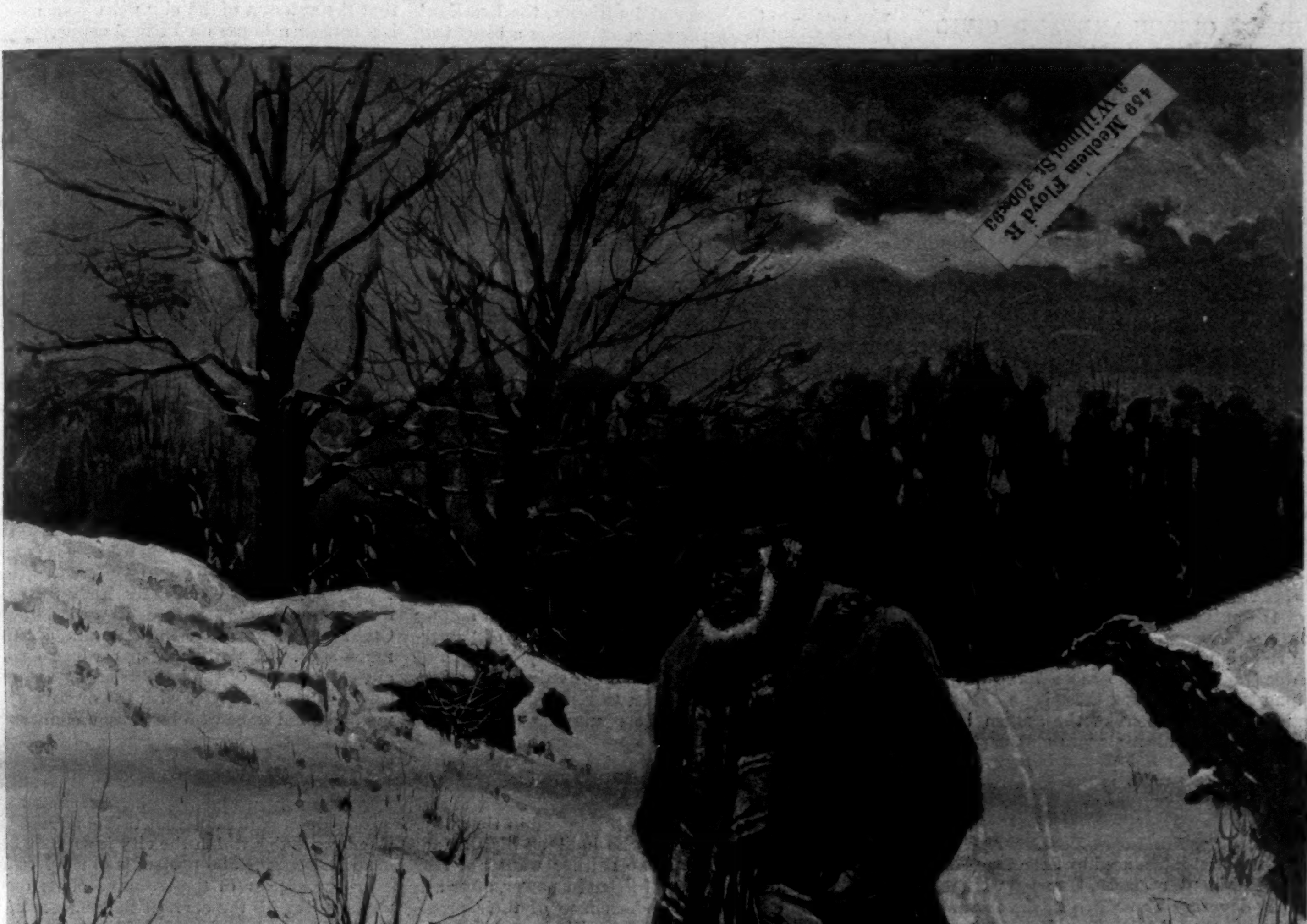
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 1931.

Copyright, 1893, by HARPER & BROTHERS.
All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



459 Mechem Floyd R
3 W Illinoi St. 30Dc93

"FO' DE LAN'S SAKE! I DONE FORGOT DE CHILLUN'S CANDY!"
DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
(Twenty-four Pages.)
PUBLISHED
New York City, December 23, 1893.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

A new serial story by Mary E. Wilkins, *entitled* "PEMBROKE," *illustrated by* Clifford Carleton, *will begin in the number of* Harper's Weekly *dated January 6, 1894.*

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

In his recent message President Cleveland expresses his gratification at "the continued intelligent execution of the civil service law, and the increasing approval by the people of its operation." He considers the recent extension of its regulations to the employés of the free-delivery post-offices "an immensely important advance in the usefulness of the system"; and this acknowledgment is all the more graceful on his part as the extension was ordered by President Harrison, and has been denounced by Democratic spoilsmen as a partisan trick to keep Republicans in office. The President, as he expresses himself, has become, "if possible, more than ever convinced of the incalculable benefits conferred by the civil service law, not only in its effect upon the public service, but also, what is even more important, in its effect in elevating the tone of political life generally." President Cleveland thus reaffirms with emphasis what he has forcibly said many times before.

So strong a profession of faith should be accompanied with a record of corresponding work. The President is, indeed, able to point to some things which will be admitted to be of great value. He mentions the hearty zeal of the Postmaster-General in co-operating with the Civil Service Commission to carry into effect the extension of the rules over the free-delivery post-offices, and in enforcing the law generally. Praise could not be more justly bestowed. The reformed system has no more faithful friend in office than Mr. Bissell, and there is no doubt that any practicable enlargement of the system by law would find in him a most sincere and earnest advocate. President Cleveland has likewise a word of commendation for "the method of employing mechanical labor at navy-yards through boards of labor, and making efficiency the sole test by which laborers are employed and continued." This excellent method was first introduced by Secretary Tracy, and, as the President remarks, Secretary Herbert "is earnestly devoting himself to its development." Also, the Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Morton, receives a tribute of approval from his chief. Not only has he cut down the expenses of his department, but, as the President says, "among the heads of divisions in this department the changes have been exceedingly few. Three vacancies occurring from death and resignations have been filled by the promotion of assistants in the same divisions. These promotions of experienced and faithful assistants have not only been in the interest of efficient work, but have suggested to those who look for retention and promotion that merit and devotion to duty are their best reliance."

This is excellent doctrine well expressed. But if the President thinks the conduct of the departments of the Navy, of Agriculture, and of the Post-office in this respect deserving of official praise in his message to Congress, why does he not insist upon the observance of the same principles in the Interior Department and the Treasury? Does he not know that in these departments there have been not "exceedingly few," but exceedingly many changes among the heads of divisions? That many such removals have been made without any ascertainable cause connected with the interest of the service, but merely to put a man belonging to one party in the place of a man belonging to another? That the vacancies so created have in an overwhelming majority of cases been filled not by the "promotion of experienced and faithful assistants," but simply by the appointment of new men taken from the outside? That there has been a very extensive grading up and down of clerks in the classified service, not according to merit, but according to party affiliation, locality, and political influence? That this practice does not "suggest to those in the departments who look for retention and promotion that merit and devotion to duty are their best reliance," but rather that it is more important to be a Democrat hailing from somewhere south of Mason and Dixon's line, and to have the backing of some influential politician? If the President does not know this, it is highly desirable, for the good name of his administration, as well as for the interest of the service, that he should seek the necessary information, if possible, through other persons than those responsible for such abuses. We know that such things may escape the attention of a President, but he should not permit them to escape his attention very long. Nor should he forget that the ultimate responsibility for them will rest upon him.

As to positions outside of the classified service, the President deserves much credit for two recent acts—the removal of the postmaster at Topeka for a violation of the spirit of the civil service law, a case we recently discussed at length in these columns, and the appointment as Civil Service Commissioner of Mr. Proctor of Kentucky, an earnest friend of reform, in the place of Mr. Johnston, who, as a commissioner, had considered it his principal duty to look after the spoils interests of the Democratic party. By putting the official guardianship of the civil service law into the hands of its friends, the President has conferred upon the cause of reform a benefit of the highest value. We wish we could speak of all the removals and appointments made by him in the same strain of commendation, and it is to us a matter of sincere regret that we cannot do so. Of the consular service, for instance, the President's message says: "The duties and powers of consuls have been expanded with the growing requirements of our foreign trade. Discharging important duties affecting our commerce and American citizens abroad, and in certain countries exercising judicial functions, these officers should be men of character, intelligence, and ability." Nothing could be more unquestionable. To the qualifications mentioned as required, those of experience and a knowledge of the language of the country in which the consul is to act might be added as highly desirable. By the side of such declarations it is an exceedingly unpleasant fact that during the first eight months of the administration there have been more changes in the consular service than during the first eight months of any administration in the last thirty years, and that these changes were throughout of a strictly partisan character, treating the consular places as the spoils of a party victory.

It has been very generally observed with regretful surprise that the President has seen fit, in so solemn a paper as an annual message to Congress, to indulge himself in a small fling at some of his critics among the civil service reformers, accusing them of "querulous impracticability." He would probably not have done so had he felt himself invulnerable. Mr. Cleveland has good reason to remember that had he not himself enjoyed the reputation of being, in some important respects, "impracticable," he would not be where he is. He should also consider that such outbreaks of petulance are hardly becoming the Chief Magistrate of this great republic on official occasions; that he can do himself no good in that way, for civil service reformers who hold up high standards are generally men who neither want nor fear anything; that they ask of those in power, after all, nothing but a faithful performance of their promises; that such a performance will very easily and most effectually silence the critics, and that nothing else will. We are confident that every advance made by the President in extending the reformed system will lessen their fault-finding and elicit their hearty applause.

WHY IS CROKER RICH?

Richard Croker is a rich man. His associates in Tammany Hall are also rich. They have become rich in politics, where men who have deserved and won the respect of their countrymen have remained poor. These men are not respected. They are hated, despised, feared, and fawned on. Croker himself is to-day, in his gilded state, as vulgar, as ignorant, as much shunned by good people, as when he was accused of shooting down a fellow-tough.

How has Croker gained his riches? A few years ago Mayor Grant testified that when he was Sheriff he presented Croker's child with $10,000. He swore that he gave this money because he was the child's godfather, and he knew that Croker was poor. Croker himself corroborated this testimony, and confessed that at that time he had no bank account.

Croker's prosperity has come to him since he obtained full possession of the city government through Grant's election as Mayor. When the city government passed into his hands, he gained the power to levy a tribute whose splendor and extent have been recently shadowed forth in Mayor Gilroy's articles on the "Wealth of New York." The real ruler of the metropolis of the country may control the expenditure of a large share of the city's revenue. No man can secure a contract for paving streets, or building schools, markets, armories, or any public building, or for supplying the various departments with needed furniture or apparatus, against his will. If he consents, the laws and the city ordinances may be defied. His tools and emissaries may extort money by annoying enforcement of municipal regulations. His police agents may fatten on vice. The guardians of the peace may make gain through the meanest and most degrading of the occupations of the vicious. There is no opportunity for bribery of which Croker may not take advantage if he is so minded, and there is no corporation or person doing business with the city who is not at his mercy. There are few city expenditures from which he may not, if he will, extort a fee. He may debase the suffrage, and corrupt the very foundations of our free institutions by selling nominations. He may interfere with the counting of the votes, and may, at ordinary elections, make the expression of the voters nearly what he chooses. He may procure the passage of laws by the Legislature for the protection of knavery, and he may have those laws executed for the enrichment of the gamblers of the race-track, and the suppression and impoverishment of the gamblers of the pool-rooms.

Since the day when Croker and Grant swore that the autocrat of the city was a poor man, Croker has bought a house on Fifth Avenue. He lives expensively and in luxury. A few years ago, according to the testimony, cab fare must have been a consideration with him; now he rides in a fine carriage of his own. He has bought an interest in a stock-farm at a reputed cost of $250,000. He is a magnate on the race-track, the owner of a stable, and one of the rich horsemen who control and degrade the sport. He is a prominent figure wherever money may be spent vulgarly and profusely. His strong and coarse features are as familiar as was once the face of Tweed. Since the days of that world-renowned plunderer there has been no time, until Croker appeared, that New York had a ruler who made a public display of the wealth whose source few know but many suspect.

It is the right of the people of this city to know how Croker obtained his riches. He is not responsible as a public officer. The citizens of New York have not chosen him to administer their affairs. Not only is he not the Mayor, but, because of what is suspected of him, his nomination would doubtless lead to a wholesome revolution and his defeat. And yet he rules in every department of the city government except the Comptroller's office, and after the first of next month he will also rule there. It is known that large sums of money go to Croker as the head of Tammany Hall. Candidates for office pay assessments whose expenditure is not accounted for. Other contributions to the Hall amount to an enormous sum. A daily newspaper has estimated the annual income of the institution at about $375,000. Those who are familiar with the organization and its methods, and some who have been connected with it, assert that the revenue is nearer $1,000,000. Whatever it is, the money is the tribute of the city to those who rule it, at the head of whom is Croker—an autocrat for whom no citizen has ever cast a ballot.

It is due to the State that this condition is possible. The laws under which the city is supposed to be governed encourage and protect boss rule. The city has been the victim of the bargains of its own corrupt Democrats with the corrupt Republicans of the country; it is now the victim of the gang of bandits who issue forth from their caves every year to prey upon the wealth, the business, and the vice of New York. Croker and his pals have made their wealth under the rule of the State. The citizens of New York have a right to demand how. It is the duty of the Legislature to respond—to discover the methods by which this money has been accumulated by a private citizen, presumably from public sources.

It is true that the Legislature has no jurisdiction over Croker, but it has jurisdiction over the evident sources of his wealth, and, in furtherance of its duty to make laws for the government of cities, it has the right, and it is its duty, to inquire as to how its laws are administered. The government which the State has given to New York is neither republican nor democratic in form; it is the worst despotism in the world, because the despot is under no restraint of law, of tradition, and, of course, of none from respect for the rights of his fellows, or for himself and his reputation. The State must uncover all the sad and disgusting details of boss rule in New York. It must demonstrate to all, what many know, that the "free citizens" of the metropolis of this great republic cannot engage in any business that brings them into contact with the city government without paying tribute to the band which Croker leads, and that law-breaking is licensed by organized blackmailers.

While it is true that Mr. Malby is to be made Speaker of the Assembly at the dictation of Republican bosses, he may be depended on to select an investigating committee of as honest and able men as the Assembly contains. He should not be hampered by partisan considerations. If he cannot find Democrats willing to make an earnest and thorough inquiry into the political conditions of New York, he should leave Democrats off the committee. But the investigation must not be partisan. The presence on the committee of any one who is known or suspected of being a trading Republican will discredit the movement. If it must be a joint committee, the Senate members should be elected by the Senators. Shee-

HAN cannot be trusted to appoint the right kind of men. The committee should be so large that sub-committees may be appointed—a committee on the Mayor, another on the Police, another on the Commissioner of Public Works, another on the Police Justices, another on the Sheriff, and so on.

If the Legislature will go to work in earnest, the citizens of New York will doubtless discover how CROKER has grown rich. The revelation will be painful to many good persons who have an undue proneness to think well of those who are in authority, but it will be wholesome. It ought to put an end to boss rule forever, for it ought to lead to the enactment of laws at Albany that would make it impossible.

FREE RAW MATERIALS.

A CENTURY ago and more MONTGOMERY and ARNOLD were besieging Quebec, and endeavoring to separate Canada from Great Britain and to join it to the nascent American Union. They failed, and perhaps it was as well that we started our new career without the difficulties and complications which the possession of Canada would have entailed. But if we had succeeded, and if all Canada had become part of the United States, we should certainly have esteemed it one unqualified gain, at least, that the natural resources of the eastern shore of the United States had been increased by the position of the Canadian coal fields. In Nova Scotia and Cape Breton there are great coal deposits close to tide-water, the nearest and most direct source of coal supply for New England. If Canada had become part of the United States, nobody for a moment would have questioned that it was to the best advantage of New England, and to the best advantage of all the United States, that this material should be supplied as freely and as fully as possible. Does the accident of political separation alter the situation? Does it suddenly make it desirable that we should restrict and fetter the importation of coal from Canadian ports to New England?

Half a century ago, on the other side of the continent, we were again disputing with Great Britain as to the possession of the region which is now split up into the American States of Oregon and Washington, and the Canadian province of British Columbia. For a while the cry was "fifty-four forty or fight." Fortunately, we did not fight. The sober second sense of the American people asserted itself. We agreed to a compromise in a dispute in which neither party could give clear proof that it was in the right, and the present boundary line between the two countries was agreed on. As it happened, that boundary put on the British side the great coal fields of Vancouver, then undiscovered, which are the natural source of supply for the whole Pacific coast. While there are some coal mines of inferior quality on the American side, by far the best and most valuable coal comes from those on the British side. If we had succeeded in 1846 in maintaining our original claim, and if the mines had thus been thrown into American territory, they would have been rightly esteemed among the most important of nature's treasures on the Pacific coast. Are they the less advantageous because the turn of diplomacy threw them on the other side of the line? If the land in which they are situated had been American soil, the Americans of the Pacific coast would have rejoiced in getting the advantage of them through a full and free supply of coal. Do they not get identically the same advantage if we permit the coal to come freely to the ports of Tacoma and Seattle and Portland and San Francisco? and is it not cutting off our own noses if we proceed to clap a duty of 75 cents per ton upon it?

A few years after the Oregon dispute the annexation of Cuba became one of the possibilities of American history, and for ten years before the war there was a real danger that the slave power would endeavor to wrest the island by force or by purchase from Spain. The movement was rightly opposed by all who cared for the fair fame of the country; for its object was simply to enlarge the area of slave territory and increase the power of the slavocracy. If, unfortunately, this unjust and impolitic aggression had been carried out, we should at least have had one compensation. In the island of Cuba are rich mines of iron ore of the quality suitable for making Bessemer steel. There are great mines of Bessemer ore in the Lake Superior region; but the eastern slope of the United States, this side of the Alleghany Mountains, while it has great supplies of iron ore, has none of that particular quality so essential in the modern development of the iron and steel industry. The Cuban ores, in view of the cheapness of water transportation, are virtually as near our Atlantic shore as if they were in Virginia or Pennsylvania. If we admit these ores free, we get the benefit of them as fully as if we owned the island of Cuba. We secure the industrial advantages without the political difficulties. Is it not absurd that we should shut ourselves out from the bounty of nature, and hamper the iron and steel industries of the eastern shores of the United States, by putting a duty of thirty per cent. or more on iron ore?

No part of the tariff policy pursued by the Republican party since 1870, and emphasized by the MCKINLEY act of 1890, is more foolish than the maintenance of duties on articles of this sort. The WILSON tariff bill puts them on the free list, and it is difficult to see how any sane man can urge their maintenance. The reasons which are urged in support of them, such as the protection to the coal mines of Virginia and West Virginia, and to the iron mines of the Lake Superior region, would apply with precisely the same force in favor of protecting Pittsburg iron-makers against the competition of the South, and the Pennsylvania farmers against the competition of Western beef. There may be grounds for saying that the development of manufacturing industries is not determined by nature, and may be affected by government aid and protective legislation; but as to the raw products of the earth, it is clear that we do best by getting them from the sources which nature has made most productive. This is what free raw materials mean, and this is what the WILSON tariff bill will bring us.

"THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH."

IT was a very fortunate choice that fell upon CHARLES READE'S masterpiece as the subject of one of the most sumptuous, and to many readers quite the most attractive, of the holiday books of 1893. There cannot be much question that it is his masterpiece, nor that it deserves a high place among the historical romances not only of the English language but of European literature. In this its author's great gifts and accomplishments are shown to the utmost advantage. In one of the epistolar controversies with his favorite foes, the "anonymuncules" and the "pseudonymuncules," in which he was so prone to explode, READE described himself, with perfect truth if not with exemplary modesty, as "a scholar and an artist." Nor can it be denied that the author of *The Cloister and the Hearth* was both. He never undertook a task quite so congenial as this to his tastes and his powers, nor essayed any other novel on a scale so monumental. The labor of accumulation and preparation which is so evident in all his larger novels may seem in some of them to be so displayed as to become, what a friendly critic has called, "tedious and revolting." But this was when it was applied to "getting up" contemporary subjects, and directed to the reform of prisons or insane asylums or trades-unions. When, as in this story of the end of the Middle Ages, it was devoted to the reconstruction of a by-gone state of society, and vivified by a true historical imagination, there is not a dull resulting page. The fifteenth century lives here again before us as scarcely any other writer of history or of fiction has made it live. The people who come and go are not lay figures, but real people, even the incidental people, like the delightful Denys, who is worthy and likely to live as long as Dugald Dalgetty. READE'S power of sharp and epigrammatic expression is shown on every page. And all this is merely the setting of one of the purest and most affecting of all the stories that depict the conflict of Love and Fate.

To select this book for a sumptuous edition is not only to revive the interest in it that has never really languished. It is to give it its rightful place by crowning it as a classic, now when a decade has not quite elapsed since the author's death. The old admirers of the novel will be grateful for the provocation these superb volumes give them to read *The Cloister and the Hearth* again, and renew old delight, while they will cherish some envy for the new generation of readers, who will associate the story with these beautiful pages and with Mr. JOHNSON'S admirable illustrations, almost equally admirable as decorations and as characterizations. This is an added charm where the choice of the illustrator has been fortunate, as all readers will be ready to bear witness who could not tell how much of their impressions of the people of *The Newcomes* they owe to THACKERAY'S pen and how much to DOYLE'S pencil. Mr. JOHNSON will have his share in the conceptions of Margaret and Gerard and Denys and the rest that are formed from these pages. The illustrations are valuable also as documents, and to increase their value in this respect the artist visited the country in which the scenes of the story are laid, a pilgrimage of which the reader reaps the benefit. The mechanical execution of the book is not less admirable than the artistic. Indeed, it recalls vividly a sentence in the book itself: "For this was a century in which the fine arts and the higher mechanical arts were not separated by any distinct boundary." In our latest examples of sumptuous book-making we seem to be recurring to that fraternity of craftsmanship, when the illuminator of a missal was the transcriber of it also; for here the illustrator gives his best work to the decoration of a page not unworthy of it. To apply again from the Vulgate the similitude the application of which in *The Cloister and the Hearth* all readers will remember, this edition is "an apple of gold in a net-work of silver." The holiday season has not produced a more beautiful setting, nor reproduced a classic more worthy of a beautiful setting.

HIGHER EDUCATION.

No type of educational meeting is proving to be more useful than that in which representatives of the colleges and of the secondary schools meet together for the discussion of their common problems; for it is just these problems that block the way to more rapid progress in the development of higher education in this country. Last week nearly two-score college presidents, more than a hundred college professors, and as many more secondary school-teachers met at Columbia College, New York, to hold the fifth annual convention of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools in the Middle States and Maryland, and their attention was occupied, during a series of sessions lasting over two days, with two fundamental questions—the relative place to be assigned to the classics in the liberal education of these modern days, and the teaching of English in schools and colleges.

As to the first question there was wide difference of opinion, although signs were not wanting that a much larger proportion of the leading men than formerly are ready to admit that the study of the Greek language is no longer a *sine qua non* of liberal culture. The fact that the bachelor degree may be obtained from Harvard, Johns Hopkins, and Williams without the study of Greek is a stubborn fact that cannot be ignored. Professor BOYESEN, of Columbia College, took the advanced ground that German, and possibly French as well (though he did not speak with authority as to the latter), could be so taught as to be a satisfactory substitute for Greek in a liberal education. President SCHURMAN, of Cornell University, in a few eloquent sentences, made the same claim for the mother-tongue and its literature. It is worthy of note that every speaker bore willing testimony to the lasting and uplifting influence of the Greek civilization, although it was insisted that the prolonged study of the Greek language was not necessary to an appreciation of the Hellenic spirit and ideals.

As to the teaching of English, college professor and school-master were in entire agreement. English must be made a serious study, and treated as seriously as Latin or mathematics, was the text of every speaker. Mr. FARRAND, of the Newark (New Jersey) Academy, in the strongest paper of the meeting, severely criticised the colleges for the laxity and irregularity of their admission requirements in English. Much reading of standard authors and frequent writing, carefully criticised, were unanimously agreed upon as the proper procedure in teaching boys and girls to use their own tongue.

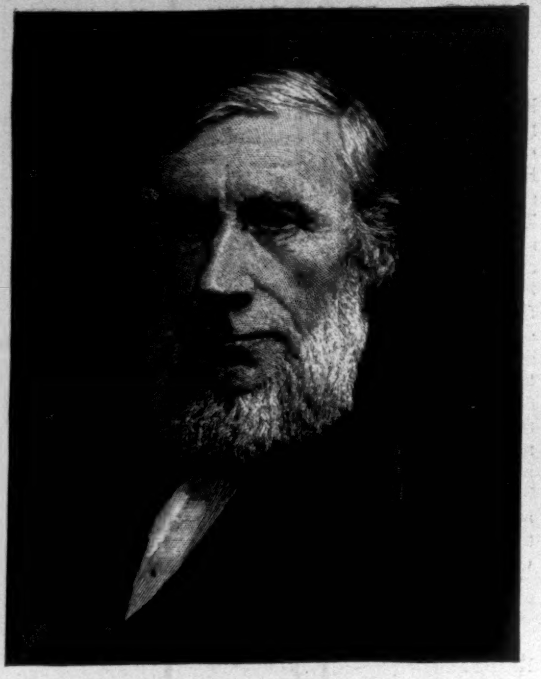
OUR AMERICAN NEWSPAPER HABIT.

THE announcement that one of the street-car lines in this city is to be lighted with gas-lamps of many-candle power, so that passengers may read newspapers as they ride, must be suggestive of our American newspaper habit to the foreign observer. To people who have not contracted that habit the frequent complaints of travellers by rail, in the city or out of it, that they cannot see to read their papers, must appear exceedingly unreasonable. A visiting Bostonian Brahmin, reading such a plaintive demur in a New York newspaper, wrathfully exclaimed: "The American people read too many newspapers. If the railroads made it impossible for the complaining working-man to read his confounded newspaper in the early gray of the morning on his way to work, they would do the state some service."

Certainly there is a refreshing contrast to the intelligent lover of his kind in the sight of the British navvy or the stolid German plodding unwillingly to his morning toil on Birkenhead docks or on the banks of the Spree, and the American laborer taking his luncheon and his carefully saved morning paper together, or studiously absorbing the news while he rides down town to his work. We know that one of these men can read; we are not so sure of the rudimentary education of the other two. And in this country, at least, it is our habit to regard education as a panacea for pretty much every ill but those to which mere flesh is heir. "We mean to gild 'em," was the triumphant reply of HOOD'S "Chairman of the Philanthropical Society" when asked why more money was needed after it was discovered that the nigritude of the blacks could not be removed by even the costliest scrubbing. "We mean to educate 'em," is the equally confident answer to all pessimistic observations on the prevalence of sin, wickedness, misery, and crime. The average American loves to see the poor and humble reading the newspaper on the way to work if not *at* work, for is it not a distinctively American habit? And does not this indicate that the intelligent reader has a soul above treason, stratagems, and spoils? Yet we may recall with some doubtfulness the excellent education of an eminent New York criminal, who not only read the newspapers with exceeding ease, but who registered himself as he went into his prison, "Statesman."

The proportion of illiterates among the vicious classes is notoriously small in this country of ours, and the newspaper habit should be cautiously received as a hopeful or virtuous indication. We may well sympathize with that craving for the world's daily news that induces the laborer, the shop-boy, or the early toiling million to spend a penny for the morning dram of mind-stimulation. It is better for some men that they should read than think. And the thought that comes afterward of the great football match, or of the Italian cabinet crisis, or of the "disastrous conflagration" of the previous night, is better and cheerfuler than a sodden rumination on the sorrows of the laboring-man. But, after all is said, it cannot be denied that a nation wholly given over to the newspaper habit is in a fair way to a species of national paresis. That this should be stridently and vigorously denied by the caterers for the daily morning dram is to be expected. No physician will admit that his medicine is disordering. Nevertheless, no thoughtful person can regard the newspaper habit as an unmixed good, however good and clean the newspaper which the habitual reader seeks. There is an ancient tradition that the word "news" has been derived from the initials that indicate the points of the compass—N-E-W-S. And with this intent the reader's thoughts, like the fool's eyes, "are in the ends of the earth." For the time being at least his mind roves from China to Peru, from the latest divorce case to the President's message, from the higher criticism to baseball, and if the newspaper-crammed wayfarer does not take in a mental dyspepsia with his noonday luncheon, his is an uncommon digestion. It was Mr. DU MAURIER'S æsthete who did not read books, but wrote them. The victim of our American newspaper habit does not think, for he only has time to read.

THE REV. EDWARD B. BAGBY.



JOHN TYNDALL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL E. S. OTIS, U. S. A.

THE CHAPLAIN OF THE HOUSE.

The Rev. Edward B. Bagby, who was recently elected to be chaplain of the House in place of the Rev. S. W. Haddaway, who died after a brief occupation of the office, is a very young man to occupy so conspicuous a position, though the Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the Senate, was chosen chaplain of the House when but twenty-two years of age. The Rev. Mr. Bagby was born September 29, 1865, in King and Queen County, Virginia, so that he is but little more than twenty-eight. He was reared in Richmond, obtained his education at Aberdeen Academy, the Kentucky University, and the Yale Divinity School.

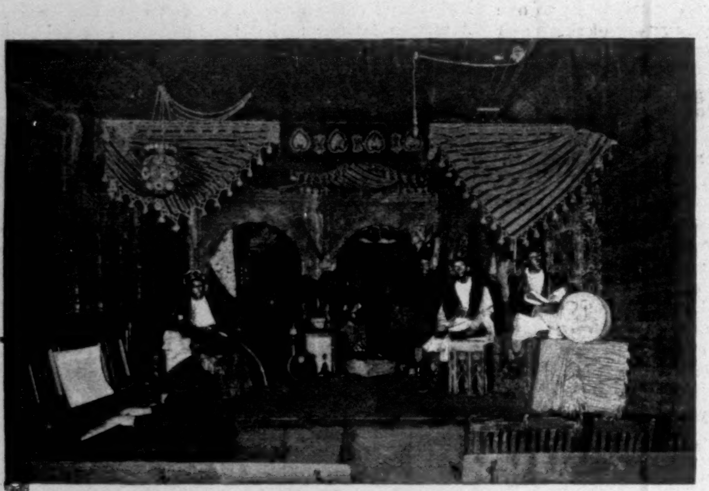
This young Virginian, enlisted in Christian work as a representative of the denomination of the Disciples of Christ, found his first charge along the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, ministering to the people of Ronceverte, Clifton Forge, and Sinks Grove. From these little churches in these towns he went to Newport News to preach, until he became engaged in evangelistic work among many churches, which he visited to conduct revivals. In April, 1891, the Vermont Avenue Christian Church, Washington, built a chapel on Capitol Hill, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Bagby to conduct a revival meeting to awaken interest in the undertaking. At that meeting about one hundred converts were added to the church, and the interest aroused has been so maintained under the ministrations of the young pastor that the Ninth Street Christian Church numbers, with two and one-half years of existence, more than four hundred members, including a very large body of active Christian Endeavorers. Mr. Bagby is tall, dark, slight, and beardless. He does not wear clothes of ministerial cut, and he does not wear a white tie. His voice is soft and smooth, and he uses it without dramatic effort in prayers of the simplest character, none of which are long.

THE NEW BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

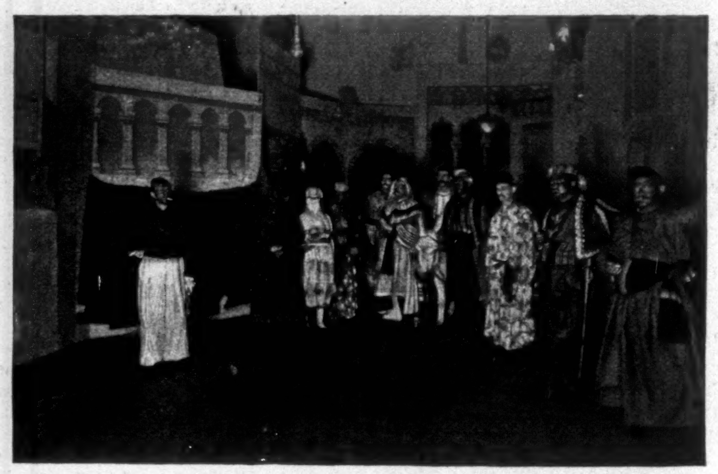
A person not well acquainted with the size of our regular army might jump to the conclusion, from the frequency with which new brigadier-generals are made, that the military branch of the public service is very large. But the frequency of new appointments is due to the compulsory retirement law, which shelves an officer, whether he will or not, when he has reached the age of sixty-four years. And as the men who won high rank in the battles of the rebellion are generally well along in life, it is not often that one of them has the privilege of wearing the single star in active service. The most recent appointment is that of Colonel E. S. Otis, of the Twentieth Infantry, to be Brigadier-General in the place of General W. S. Carlin, recently retired. This is the second time that Colonel Otis's name has been sent to the Senate in nomination for this office.

In Mr. Harrison's administration General Carr, an officer distinguished for his service during the war, and also for his work on the frontier, was promoted from a Colonelcy to a Brigadier-Generalship. Shortly afterwards General Carr was informed that he had been promoted with the understanding that when his forty years of service had expired he would voluntarily retire. According to the law, an officer after this length of service, even though he be not sixty-four years old, may retire or be retired. General Carr did not like this arrangement, to which he had not been a party, and therefore refused to retire. He was peremptorily put on the retired list by President Harrison, and the name of Colonel Otis sent to the Senate in nomination for the vacancy. The Senate did not go into executive session before adjournment, and therefore the nomination was void.

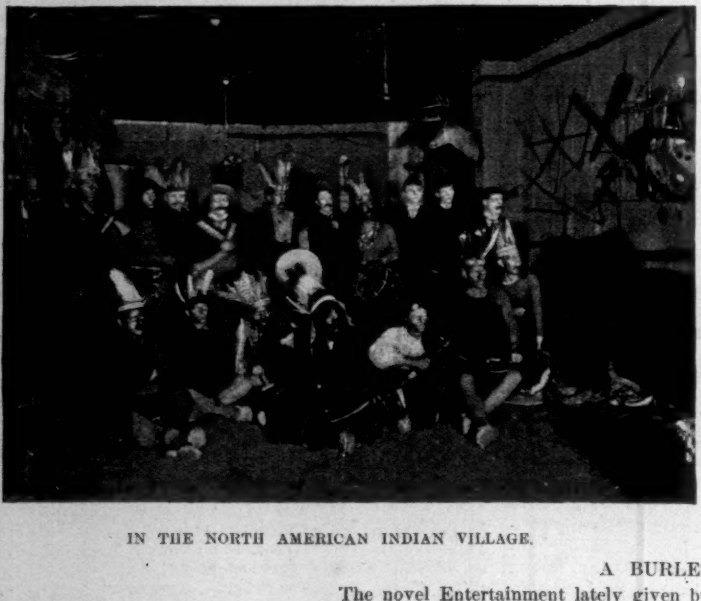
When Mr. Cleveland took office he nominated General Carlin for the vacancy, and Colonel Otis has had to wait almost a year before being obliged to buy a new uniform. Colonel Otis was a gallant soldier during the war, and won advancement, both honorary and actual, for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Spottsylvania and Chapel House. Though a native of Maryland, he was appointed to the army from New York, and served as Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel of the 140th New York Infantry. He was mustered out of the service in 1866, and then appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-second Infantry. With this he served till February, 1880, when he became Colonel of the Twentieth Infantry. During the labor riots of 1877 he commanded his regiment in Pennsylvania. Since then he has been mostly in the Northwest, though for two years he was superintendent of the recruiting service in New York.



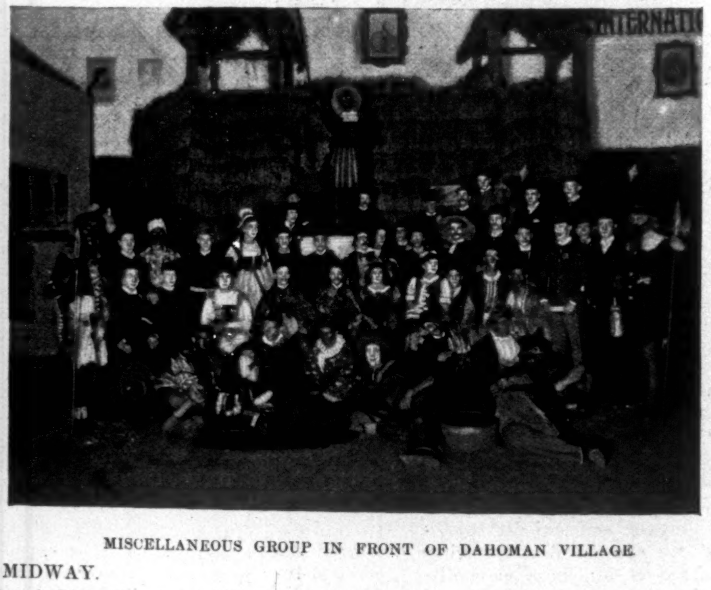
INTERIOR OF THE TURKISH THEATRE.



IN THE CAIRO STREET.



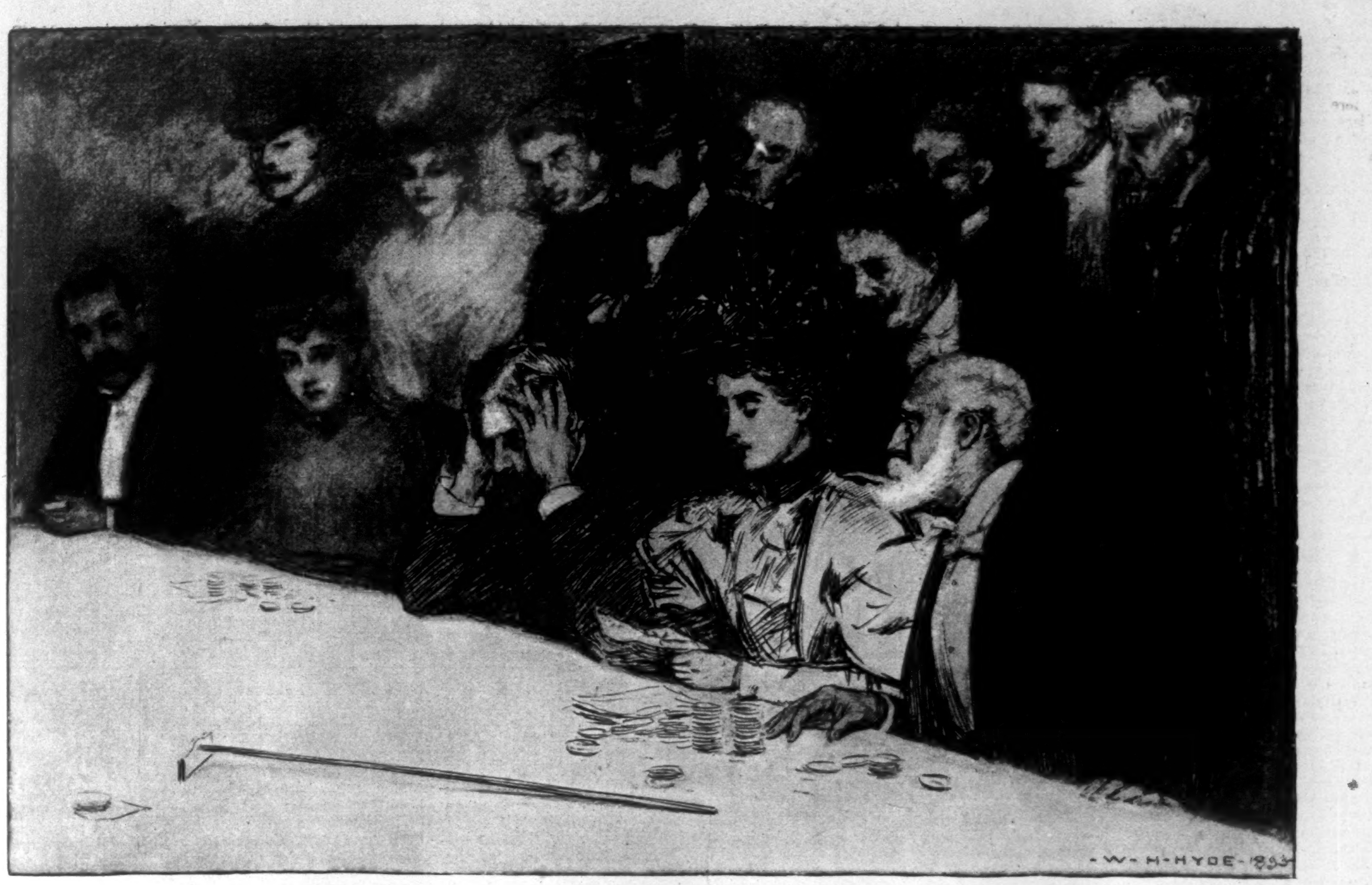
IN THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN VILLAGE.



MISCELLANEOUS GROUP IN FRONT OF DAHOMAN VILLAGE.

A BURLESQUE MIDWAY.

The novel Entertainment lately given by the Detroit Light-Infantry.—[See Page 1234.]



"LEDYARD, WHO WAS SEATED BESIDE HER, WAS TRYING TO PERSUADE HER TO LEAVE THE TABLE."

HIPPOLYTE.

BY GEORGE BASSETT.

I.

IT was in Paris that I found the valet with whom this little narrative concerns itself—found him there and lost him there; and all so recently that it is almost an indelicacy to talk about him. I had told the *maître d'hôtel* of my club that I was looking for a servant, and he permitted himself to entertain the hope that he might assist monsieur in his search.

"It is only a boy," he said, "but he is a boy with a long head. It is my nephew, monsieur, and my poor brother has not been happy this year. They are working jewellers in the Faubourg St.-Denis, and, what with all the cheap trinkets stamped out by the machine these days, there isn't enough work to keep the lad busy at home, and he must find some other trade. He's a good boy, monsieur, and if you try him you will find I'm not wrong when I say he has an old head on young shoulders. But I can't give him a place here in the club. Monsieur can understand that I couldn't do right by him. I'd have to be harder with him than with any of the other pages, or there'd be fusses every night."

Now I had a great respect for the venerable François, and I was sure he could detect the clay from which a good servant might be made. The making, if I took this untried lad, would, however, be my task, not his, and of my own powers in such a direction I had the most profound distrust. But just as my little "no," which is the weakest-sounding word in my vocabulary, was trying to make itself heard, François took my cup of coffee from a footman, placed it on the table, and left me with a discreet air of having sown his seed, and being quite ready trustfully to await its germination. And then the coffee did its work. There is one short quarter of an hour in every day I live—the quarter of an hour after I know that I have had dinner enough, and before I know that I have had too much dinner, during which the summer calm of contentment lets insidious currents draw me toward what shoals they serve. If a horse has ever turned out badly on my hands, if a bit of money lent has not come back to me again, if a small bet has proved to be an altogether hopeless cast, the horse has been bought, and the money lent, and the bet made, during one of these quarters of an hour. It poisons me, too, the coffee. It's worse than the bread, and the red wine, and the fourth cigar, and all the other forbidden fruits; but for that little quarter of an hour it lulls to sleep every doubt of other men's clear rectitude and of my own sagacity.

The excellent François knew all this, of course. And he was not at all surprised when I told him, half an hour later, that the boy could come to see me in the morning.

It was raining when he came, and he seemed to be a mere leaf blown from a curb-stone tree. He was undersized and lean, and his eyes were too close together, and two monstrous ears sprang affrighted from his lanky fox-red hair. But he was very willing: that was all he had to say for himself. And he was ready to show that it was no idle boast. In the one moment during which he had stood before me his volition had fallen helpless before mine, like the fabulous bird at the gaze of the fabulous snake. His whole horizon was bounded by my wishes. His only estimate of what a fair beginner's wage would be was "as monsieur should wish." I don't think he used another phrase than that in all the course of our preliminary interview, except when he gave me to understand that his uncle had sent him to me with an intimation that if he failed to find favor in my eyes he need never hope for another recommendation. And then of course I was helpless. I told him that I would try him for a day or two, in order that we might see how we got on together, and that his first employment would be to help me move from the apartment I then occupied to the rooms I had taken in a hotel for the rest of the Paris season. I stood over him while he packed my boxes, or tried to make myself believe I did. As a matter of fact, I folded all my clothes, with a running commentary on the use and abuse of creases, and laid them one upon another with a disquisition on the art of packing trunks just full enough and not too full. When it was all done, and he had said "Oui, monsieur," some hundred times or more, he buckled all the straps, and then I thought the time had come to see what resources he had within himself. "I am going to breakfast now," said I, "and you must fetch an omnibus from the nearest railway station and move my luggage to the hotel, where the concierge will pay the driver, and where you may wait for me."

I met old Ledyard at Paillard's, and before we had finished our melon I had exposed myself to his unmeasured scorn.

"You are an owl, my dear fellow," said he—"an owl of the Apennines; you will never see your things again. I am glad of it, for they are all abominable, and now perhaps you will let me choose some decent clothes for you, instead of leaping about looking like a fiend of the woods." I bore this abuse meekly, for Ledyard really is one of the best-dressed men in Europe, and his friends are all accustomed to his innocent belief that they look like either book-makers or non-conformist preachers.

"Yes, my poor foolish friend," he continued, "this boy will lose all your atrocious trousers and all your obscene coats, and as soon as we have finished our steak we will go to your hotel, and we will have a fire, and you will give me some whiskey and Vals, and I will win all your money at écarté while you are fussing and fuming because your ragamuffin doesn't appear."

And, as it proved, he did win four games running before one of the hotel people came to the room to tell me that my servant and my luggage had arrived. The man said "the servant of monsieur" with a little look of astonishment, and when Hippolyte—for Hippolyte was his unhappy name—appeared, I forgave the impertinence. He had been by no means a smart-looking youth when I first saw him in the morning. His trousers were very much too short, and clung so closely to his lean shanks that they seemed to fade raggedly into the drooping elastic sides of his rusty shoes. His coat was as much too high in the neck as his shirt collar was too low, and its high-waisted skirts were abbreviated in that strange fashion which makes a Frenchman of his class look like some absurd sort of little bird. But now the effects were all heightened. He was dripping with rain; up to his knees the black liquid mud lay as thick as if he had emerged from a bog in the Landes, and from his knees up he resembled one of those ingenious wall ornaments of spatter-work which school-girls used to make when I was a boy. But his hat was in his hand, and he waited respectfully for permission to explain himself. I asked him, carefully avoiding Ledyard's eye, if the luggage was all there.

Yes, it was; and he regretted that he could not have had it there two hours, or perhaps even two hours and a half, earlier. But there had been difficulties. It was raining so hard, and so many of the cabmen were on strike, that all the omnibuses at the railway yard had been taken, and he had been obliged to go to the central market and hire one of the small handcarts kept to be let out to the hawkers of fruit, and then to another *loueur* who had booths and tents to let for the suburban fairs, in order to hire a tarpaulin with which to cover the luggage. And on the cart he had pushed his load all the way through the wet streets.

Beaming beneath the rays of monsieur's approbation, he went down stairs to superintend the mounting of the boxes, and then I had my little word back at Ledyard.

"You are no doubt in the right," said I, "when you say that the only good servant is a thoroughly trained English valet, and if you only move from your place in the country to your house in London, he is never at fault; but when you come to messing about all over the Continent, and sometimes a farther shot than that, I am not so sure that I'm an ass to prefer a man who doesn't need to be handcuffed to an interpreter, and who won't be forever telling me that what I ask him to do isn't his work. A fellow like yours would have let those trunks crumble to dust before he would have dreamed of bringing them here himself."

"That's all very well," said Ledyard, "but chaps like that are too clever by half; you may think it's all very funny to pay sixteen guineas a dozen for your beastly *batiste* shirts, and then let a young monkey like that count them for the wash. But you'll be sorry yet that you ever saw his dirty face."

This I did not mind very much, for it is always Ledyard's way to be disagreeable when he has been winning at écarté, in order to disguise his pitiful exultation.

II.

The next morning, when Hippolyte came to draw my curtains and prepare my bath, the contemptible pleasure which every one afflicted with moral cowardice finds in doing and saying amiable things lay smiling in my path. I told him that I thought he had the making of a very good servant in him; and he repeated his little, "Oui, monsieur," tacking to it the rider, "Soyez tranquille, monsieur"—a locution with which I was afterward to become painfully familiar. But it was new to me as yet, and did not jar upon my beatific sense of satisfaction with myself and all the world. Life is, indeed, a series of so trifling joys and sorrows that even now I can recall to my face the serene smile with which I awoke that morning. I had sternly refused my after-dinner cup of coffee the night before. I had only taken one glass of hock and seltzer in the course of the evening, and I had left the club with a few pounds of my friends' losings in my pocket.

"You cannot, of course," I continued, "expect a very large wage at first; I will give you forty-five francs a month, and I will furnish your clothing of every sort. You will, indeed, be able, if you are thrifty, to put by every sou of your earnings." Hippolyte, with his stereotyped formula of assent and reassurance, gave me to understand that it would be his pride and his joy to avail himself of so magnificent an opportunity to become a capitalist.

"You will," I continued, warming to my subject as I saw that it was a sunny day, and observed that the morning's post had brought me no tiresome letters to answer—"you will be lodged and nourished at my cost. The cost of your washing I will also defray. You will learn all that a gentleman's servant ought to learn, and I hope you will not be as ungrateful as most servants are."

Later in the day I put him by the driver's side on the box-seat of my coupé (an unpretentious but highly respectable vehicle supplied by a job-master), and drove off to an enormous emporium distinguished by the sign of the "Belle Jardinière." I had never before entered one of these gigantic outfitters' establishments, and it was not without a certain timidity that I alighted at its glittering portals.

Hippolyte, who had either been seeking enlightenment at the hands of the coachman, or had arrived by his unaided powers of reasoning at some theory of the functions of a servant on the box of a carriage, had leaped to the pavement with astounding agility, and stood with uncovered head awaiting my pleasure. He was still in his rags, and his bearing combined the dignity of a hungry dog with the elegance of a suburban footpad. At that moment I regarded neither Hippolyte nor myself with contentment, nor was I the better pleased when the affable person who received us in the vestibule of the "Belle Jardinière" gave me to understand that he supposed me to be a dutiful father in search of raiment for his son.

I never knew before how cheap clothing could be, nor how expeditiously a man could attire himself, if he were not absurdly fastidious about the cut and fit of his garments. Hippolyte certainly was not. His coat and his waistcoat and his trousers and his overcoat and his mackintosh and his cravat and his gloves and his shirts and his collars and his wristbands and his underwear and his hosiery and his boots and his hat and his umbrella were, in his eyes, the most prodigious gifts that fortune could have brought him. He would, I think, have preferred a cravat of somewhat less sombre hue; and an overcoat of a military cut profusely befrogged seemed to him more desirable than that which I had selected. But he was happy. He failed to see why he should have garments especially designed to be worn when he was in his bed, and explained to me that it had always been his habit to wear by night the linen that was no longer immaculate enough to be worn by day. He seemed to think, too, that I was unnecessarily lavish in the matter of toilet requisites, but I told him that it was my wish that he should have absolutely nothing at the hotel except what I selected for him, and that I expected him to take his morning bath as regularly as I took mine. It was at the moment when I laid this injunction upon him, and chose for him a travelling-tub, that he probably arrived at the conclusion that I was a well-meaning person of unsound mind. That this was his indulgent generalization I have been convinced by certain of his subsequent methods and achievements.

Within a few weeks, however, Hippolyte had learned, if not to take his bath every morning, at least to put on a look of agreeable freshness with which to begin the day. And he took so evident a pride in keeping himself smart that I let him put away his ready-made clothing from the "Belle Jardinière," and had some decent things made for him by a tailor. The great Napoleon is said to have begun to bully his friends and antagonize his marshals from the moment that he first wore an imperial robe bedizened with his short-lived golden bees. And from the moment that Hippolyte perceived himself to have risen to the plane of those who have their clothes adjusted to their persons he entertained a fine scorn for the unhappy wretches who are obliged to adjust their persons to their clothes. With me he was as mild as a May morning. His voice was low and pleasant, and he taught himself a small deprecatory cough, which he executed behind his hand whenever he was overcome by his sense of my surpassing splendor and his own unworth. But I heard him sometimes crying in the waste places for hot water and for towels and other matters, which it is the peculiar province of chambermaids at inns to forget and neglect. Then he was another Hippolyte, and not a very nice Hippolyte. His face was, indeed, the sort of face that always looks as if it might, were it lifted up, disclose a less civilized visage behind it. His father—the working jeweller of the Faubourg St.-Denis—had come one morning to thank me for having taken Hippolyte beneath my magnificent protection, and I knew since then where the lad had found his shifty eyes. I think that with another look in them he used to glare wolflike at the poor stupid maids of the hotel. His voice, I know, was the snarl of a beast of prey when he pursued them to seek for what I needed. I told him one day that he would find a milder form of coercion equally effective, and much more conducive to his personal popularity.

"*Oui, monsieur. Soyez tranquille, monsieur.* Monsieur knows that they are all Prussians, and more stupid than the pigs. When monsieur does not like to be kept waiting for his hot water it is then that they are impossible, these Prussians."

One merit he certainly had, and that was that he was rigorously honest. I hate to have to lock things up, and as for making a practice of counting the small money in my clothes at night, I should go mad over it. There were always some *billets de banque* in my note-case, and more or less loose gold and silver in my pockets. And I thought it would be wise to make a little test to see whether anything stuck to Hippolyte's fingers when he emptied out my pockets in the morning before he took my clothes to brush. I tried him every now and then by making a laborious count at night, and solemnly noting down my total, and I always found when I made my comparisons next morning that every sou was there. When one stops to think what temptations such opportunities for petty thieving must present, one marvels that there are any honest servants in the world, and wonders, too, if it is altogether fair to them to try their probity so far.

III.

The cold weather had come now, and I began to make my plans for the South. If I had carried them all out, these projects that I make at every year's end for three months' sojourn in the sunshine, I should have been able by now to write a guide-book to the south of Europe and the Orient. Sometimes I manage to get as far as Algiers, and once or twice I have accomplished a winter stay in Cairo—one of the most delightful places I know—to think about. It is always with a sense of virtue that I contemplate such flights as these. They are almost as heroic as a hunting winter in England. But somehow I always find myself at Monte Carlo before the end of January. I am ashamed of going there, and I make April vows each time that I will not go back again. Not that I lose money there, for I am a cold, half-hearted player, pleased to win a little, and never losing much, but because the atmosphere of the place reeks with vulgarity. I play games of chance because the men I know best and like best are always to be found where play is going. But the moment the play ceases to be one of the lesser incidents of life it is abominable. One might as well keep a shop and be done with it as always to be counting money and *jetons*, and think of nothing but gains and losses.

So I resolved to try Algiers again, and put quite out of mind the thought that it was, after all, only thirty-six hours across to Marseilles and down to Monaco, if Mustapha proved too wet. And as I was bent upon taking a little run into the desert, I thought it would be well for Hippolyte to learn to sit a horse, in order that he might go with me. I asked him if he would like to take riding-lessons, and he told me that it had always been his heart's most cherished hope that he might some day find a horse between his legs. I made the necessary arrangement at the *manége* where I stable my own hack; and the senior riding-master, who had often seen me trotting around his *piste* when the mornings had been too rainy for the Bois, assured me that he would make a horseman of Hippolyte in the shortest possible time. I was not riding that month, for I am of a slightly arthritic temperament, and I was at the moment suffering from one of my occasional touches of accidental gout—a mere form of rheumatism, but not calculated to promote one's comfort with one's feet in stirrup-irons.

Hippolyte was to take his lessons in the early morning, and every day for a fortnight, when he came to wake me, I used to ask him what progress he had made. And every morning he used to tell me that he felt a trifle stiff about the knees, but was learning not to roll about much in the saddle. There even began to be perceptible, after the first week, a horsy fashion in his gait. And one day he came to my room in breeches and leggings, apologizing for having been detained a little later than usual at the *manége*.

"How many lessons have you had?" I asked him. "You ought to have accomplished something by now, and it is only necessary that you should be able to make a journey in the saddle from time to time without falling off your horse."

Hippolyte went through a little pantomime of counting his lessons on one hand and the Sundays he had missed upon the other, and announced that he had taken twelve in all, and that he thought he could ride well enough for practical purposes. So I told him that he need not go to the riding-school again. A day or two after, my foot was so much better that I told him to lay out my riding things. I noticed as he fastened the straps on my trousers that he seemed ill at ease, and I could not seem to teach him how to slip the spurs into their boxes. I asked him if he were ill, and told him that he must not sit up too late at night gossiping with the other servants, for lads of his age needed sleep. And then I drove up to the Rue Chalgrin to take my horse. While I was waiting for him to be saddled, I asked the man behind the *guichet* to let me know how much I owed him for the lessons, and asked if the riding-master was satisfied with the progress Hippolyte had made.

"The servant of monsieur has accomplished about as much as a beginner usually does," he replied, "but a gentleman so profoundly versed in the art of equitation as is monsieur knows that in only three lessons but little can be done."

"Three lessons!" said I. "But he's had a dozen, hasn't he?"

Just then the bell of the telephone behind his chair attracted his attention, and he begged me to excuse him for a moment while he answered the call. When he had received the message he turned to me again, and said:

"I hope monsieur will not let the young man know that I have said what I am about to say, but the truth is that there have been only four lessons, and that the young man has this moment telephoned to me asking that I should disguise from monsieur the fact that there have not been twelve. I regret very much to be obliged to tell monsieur, but I do not see how I can well do otherwise."

"Of course you couldn't, unless you were going to rob me of the price of eight lessons, and leave me to discover in Algiers that the young rogue doesn't know a horse's head from his tail," I replied; for nothing annoys me more than the sneaking way Frenchmen of that class have of trying to shield a servant who has misbehaved. And then I rode down to the Porte Dauphine and turned into the Allée des Poteaux, very much out of humor at this absurd discovery. But it's an old rule of mine never to chide a servant while I am out of temper, and I resolved to say nothing to Hippolyte until the next morning. I think he hoped the people at the riding-school had not betrayed him, for, although his hands shook so that he could hardly pull my boots off when I came in from the Bois, he was as smiling as ever when he dressed me for dinner that night. I was dining at an English house in the Avenue Malakoff, and Ledyard was there. At first I thought I would keep my discomfiture to myself, but I cannot for the life of me resist telling a story that seems to me to be droll, even if it is against me, and by the time fish was served I had made a butt of myself.

"I know it's all very funny," I said to Ledyard, as we drove away from the house, "but it's a nasty business all the same. I have had the young monkey for a couple of months now, and he's begun to learn my ways, and I've really taken a lot of trouble with him, not to speak of what his clothes and all that sort of thing have cost me. I've had him taught to press hats and how to take care of clothes, and I gave a man from my boot-maker's half a louis to spend a whole of one Sunday morning showing him how to do all kinds of boots. And now, after his making a fool of me in this fashion, he'll have no respect for me if I keep him, and he'll think he can play such pranks every day."

"It's a serious business," said Ledyard; "but in the mean time you might give me a light for my cigar."

"It is a serious business, whether you think so or not," I replied. Ledyard is the sort of man who imagines the winds of heaven ought to cease to blow when he has a cold in his head, but thinks nothing of another man's yacht having the sticks blown out of her; although I will say that he is a good fellow when you are ill. "It's a very serious business," I continued. "I don't know anything that makes more difference to a man than having a really good valet. The last fellow I had was a slow, hulking brute, and this boy is small and quiet and quick, and never under one's feet. It's all very well to talk about the important events in one's life, but it isn't being mentioned in General Orders or falling off your horse at a review that makes you happy or unhappy in the long-run. It's the smoothness of every-day life, like having a good digestion, and if I have to break in a new man I sha'n't dare to look at a glass of Burgundy for a week."

"Of course the boy was an ass," said Ledyard. "It isn't one man in a hundred who would have been fool enough to take so much trouble over him, and you have certainly made a very smart servant of him in no time at all. But he was in a blue funk when he had to put his leg over a horse, and he lied about it, and thought he could pull wool over your eyes, as these beastly little Frenchmen always do. I don't like his coming to your room in breeches and gaiters when he hadn't been to ride. That was what I should want to hide him for. But I'd row him well if I were you, and let it go at that. What do you want him to ride for, after all? You're not going to Algiers, messing about among a lot of nasty blackamoors. You're coming to Monte Carlo, where I'll be, and where everybody else that is fit to speak to will be. And you want to look sharp about it, too. I'm going in three days, and there won't be a tomcat in this hole a week from now."

And to Monte Carlo I went, taking Hippolyte with me, after rating him well. I told him that he had been an ungrateful scoundrel, and that he had tried to conspire with the riding-school people to let me pay them money for nothing, and that if he went on in that fashion he would end up by getting into the hands of the police, and having his papers marked, and being ruined for life. And then he wept copiously, and declared that he had delighted in learning to ride, and only missed his lessons because he overslept himself in the morning, and had hoped to make them up afterward, and all that sort of thing. And by the time we were on board the Mediterranean Express he was quite happy again, and trying to atone for his faults by doing his work with a dexterity and precision altogether remarkable.

IV.

The sun shone brightly on the flowered terraces of Monte Carlo the morning after my arrival, but I had still preserved my lofty tone, and I tried to make myself believe that I had only come in order to take care of old Ledyard, who plays himself into a state of picturesque impecuniosity if there is not some one there to drag him away from the tables when he has made a winning.

"The whole thing," I said to him that night at dinner, "is disgusting. Here's a duke at the next table to us, a great leader of public opinion, and a man who has no right to be in the same room with the worst blackguards in Europe. And there at the very next table is a scoundrel who has been kicked out of every club in London. And those people over in the corner ought to know better than to bring an eighteen-year-old girl into such a place. It's a good sound Warwickshire family. I know who they are. And the girl can't look up from her plate without seeing forty women that she must know are wrong. I'm not a strait-laced man, but I call it hideous, Ledyard."

"You've been losing," said Ledyard; "that's what's the matter with you. You're what I call chicken-hearted. When you lose, you lose; and when you win, you don't follow it up. And then you hate your dinner because the rooms haven't paid for it, and growl because you're not dining at Lambeth Palace. Why shouldn't the duke come here if he wants to? What's the use of being an English duke if you can't do what you please? I call it the finest position in the world, and that's just what makes it so fine. The royalties always have to be thinking what the radical newspapers will find to say about them; but a man like that can do anything in reason. There are lots of men here I wouldn't play cards with; but then I don't have to. And as for the women, they wear smart gowns, and they look pretty, and that's all I want to know about 'em. You're an old woman; that's what you are. You're always thinking about what you're afraid to eat, and what you're afraid to drink, and now you're setting up a moral indigestion as well."

"Monte Carlo wouldn't be worth coming to if the people were all respectable," said little Montgoublin, with whom we were dining. "You say it's such a fine thing to be one of your English dukes; and they're certainly better off than our people, most of whom are too poor to come here at all. But it would be no fun for them if everybody in England were a duke. It's just the same way with the other thing. There's no satisfaction in being an honest man if everybody else is as honest as you are. We three men wouldn't set ourselves up as an example to the rising generation in the ordinary way, but we are in this place moral dukes, there are so many others worse than ourselves."

"I don't see it in that light," said I; "the place is a mire of iniquity, and it is only because we fellows have no personal substance that we don't flounder in over our heads, and come to grief. A man who knows how to take care of himself, who knows his way about, as they say, is simply a cool-headed chap who has cooled his heart first. He keeps out of trouble just as a dry leaf blows over the surface of the bog. It's your hearty, full-blooded youngsters, who take everything seriously, and themselves most seriously of all, who make fools of themselves."

"Not a bit of it," said Ledyard; "it's the dried up old wretches like you who always come to the most dreadful grief. It's like hunting: you ride a young horse that knows nothing about his work, and he'll jump like a fool, and land in all sorts of places; but he'll scramble out again, because he's young and quick and has a good heart in him. An old screw like you, who's supposed to be safe because he's too weak to bolt and too sleepy to kick, will peck from sheer laziness, and once he's missed his foot, over he goes without any effort to recover himself. I'm not a great many years younger than you, but I'm not afraid of anything. Pretty woman that—just come in the door. Who is she, Montgoublin? She's never been here before. She looks like an English woman."

"She isn't," replied Montgoublin, who had already been at Monte Carlo for a week; "she's a Viennese. Some women speak to her, and some women don't. She calls herself the Baronne Alixe de Sebenwald. But I think that's her maiden name. Her husband was an Italian, and he used to beat her, or she used to beat him, and now he's dead or divorced or something. Lady Dulverton had her over at Cannes the other night, so of course she must be all right. But the Italians make a nose at her. If you want to know all about her, ask old Tournielli; you're sure to see him over at the rooms to-night, and he'll tell you in a moment."

Before we had finished our cigars, Tournielli himself, who had been dining on the balcony, walked through the room, and Ledyard beckoned to him. He took a seat at our table, and we asked him about the lady who was said to have beaten her husband.

Montgoublin had not apparently been very accurately informed. The late husband had not been an Italian, but an Englishman with an Italian twist to the end of his name, who had made his home in Venice. And there had been a story, of which the opening chapter had followed the prefatory nuptials without the customary interval of a blank page or two. The marriage, which had taken place in Italy, had been annulled by the Holy Father, and she had never spent more than two or three hours under her husband's roof. Her father had been an admiral in the Italian navy, and she had but a small fortune, with which she was at the present moment playing ducks and drakes at the tables. The elder lady who was with her in the restaurant was an aunt of hers, a sort of unsalaried companion and duenna.

"If you ask me," Tournielli replied, "whether the Baronne is respectable, you leave me no alternative but to reply that she is. I know her very slightly, but if it would amuse you to meet her I think she will permit me to present you. Speaking for myself, I would not put my hand in the fire for her. When a lady who is young and good-looking has made a mess of her marriage, I don't think Monte Carlo is the place for her. But she is received by some of the best English people at Cannes, and they no doubt know more about her than I do."

After we had finished our cigars we went over to the rooms, and when I had lost the modest ten or fifteen louis which I thought a large enough straw to show that the wind did not blow my way that night, I went to the next *trente et quarante* table to console myself by observing the misfortunes of my friends. The Baronne and Ledyard were seated at the table side by side, and Tournielli, who was standing behind her chair, had apparently made them acquainted, for I could see that Ledyard was advising her about her play. With the little flush of excitement in her cheeks, and the bright intentness in her eyes, she was much prettier than I had thought her when I saw her in the restaurant. Her face had the peculiar softness which is the characteristic beauty of the Viennese, and she did not look more than two or three and twenty. Her hair, which was of the dull straw-color that one sees oftener on a child's head than on a woman's, lay in graceful undulations—a disposition which never fails to please my eye, and which is, I have been told, to be attained by employing the services of a hair-dresser at the cost of some twenty francs a day. She had a little sheaf of five-hundred-franc notes in her hand, and as I took my place among the by-standers at the side of the table opposite to her I saw her put two of them on the red. She lost. Then she staked four notes on the red again. This time she won. And for a number of *coups*, playing sometimes a smaller and sometimes a larger stake, she continually added to her little capital, which was enlarging itself like a ball of soft snow rolling down a hill. I was glad that she was not losing, but, on the whole, I was sorry that I happened to be in the rooms while she was playing.

I watched her snowball accumulate until she had some forty thousand francs before her, and then I saw her waver for a moment. Ledyard was evidently advising her to leave the table. Tournielli, too, leaned over and said a word in her ear. She had been playing high, for a woman, and the people at her end of the table all looked to see what she was about to do. While she hesitated, the croupier, who had glanced at her, began to deal without any stake of hers upon the table, and it resulted in what is called a *refait*. The cards used for *trente et quarante* are laid upon one line until their pips aggregate thirty-one or more, and then upon the other line. And the red line or the black line wins as the total of one or the other happens to least exceed thirty-one. But both may hit upon this point of thirty-one. This is called the *refait*, and when it occurs all the stakes upon the table are, as the phrase is, "put in prison," and must remain where they were until the cards are dealt again. If the color upon which you had played loses this second deal, you lose your stake; and if it wins, you are not paid any profit on your venture, but are only permitted to withdraw your stake which had been thus impounded. It is in this law of the game that the advantage of the table lies. Since there is an even chance that you will lose upon the second deal, and since you cannot win, the value of your chance may be said to have been reduced one-half by the occurrence of the *refait*. And you are permitted, if you wish to do so, to give the croupier half your stake and withdraw the other half, instead of leaving the whole impounded, and waiting for the second deal. The *refait* occurs, it has been computed, once in about every fourteen deals. And yet each player hopes that he will be able to make his little profit before it has appeared. And, obviously enough, if there were not some such recurring advantage for the table, the player, since he is at liberty to increase or decrease his stakes all the way from a *coup* of one louis to a *coup* of six hundred louis, would be sure to win eventually. He may, it is true, by paying to the croupier an insurance of a few francs upon every stake, purchase exemption from the rigors of the *refait*. But the repeated insurance premiums amount in themselves to a considerable loss, and Madame de Sebenwald had not seen fit to pay this blackmail to the robber *refait*.

And as the *refait* came while the Baronne was still trying to make up her mind what she should stake, the customary sighs and murmurs of vexation and astonishment rose vaguely toward the frescoed ceiling, which ought by now to be stained quite black by all the angry exhalations it has known. Some of the players said "*Partagez!*" to the croupier, who thereupon confiscated half their stakes, and gave them back the rest. Others, greatly daring, trusted to the hazard of the second deal, which resulted in favor of the black; so that those who had played the black, and had not compromised by giving the croupier half their stake, recovered the whole of it, but without receiving any profit; while those who had staked upon the red, and let their venture wait upon the issue of the second deal, lost. If the Baronne had played this *coup* in pursuance of the haphazard policy she had followed, she might very probably have had her stake upon the red, and the happy indecision which had stayed her hand was one of those little favors of fortune which superstitious gamesters especially admire. She rose from the table, and, accompanied by Ledyard, Montgoublin, and Tournielli, made her way through the spectators to a sofa in a corner of the room, where they sat down together to discuss the combat, from which she had borne away the honors and the spoil. I was curious to see how she took her success, and catching Tournielli's eye, I went over to the corner, and was authorized by him to make my bow to her.

"I am telling Mr. Ledyard," she said, "that he was very kind to show me how to play."

"I can't show you how to play," said Ledyard. "Nobody can do that. All any one can do to help you when you are playing is to try to keep you cool; but you were not a bit upset, my dear child, and you were in great luck to stop before that dirty *refait* came."

"It was you who saved me," rejoined the Baronne, with a grateful upward glance at his bald pate. And then Montgoublin and I grinned at each other, while Ledyard pulled out the swaggering ends of his great gray mustaches. For we are always amused when Ledyard adds another to the long list of the women of all ages, nationalities, and previous conditions of servitude, each of whom he calls "my dear child," and each of whom thinks he is the most charming old gentleman in the world. There clings to him, I think, some faint aroma of the day when he was one of the greatest dogs in all the Household Cavalry—a day in memory of which some sober dowagers still look askance at him. He is even now as soldierly, fine-looking a man as one could wish to see, and with his hat on looks fifty at the most. But why young ladies who are young enough to be his seventh daughter call him "Bob," and wreathe his door-knob in the Rue Marbeuf with flowers and pots of jam when he is ill, I do not know. No such engaging flatteries ever fall my way, and I can only suppose that Ledyard's profound belief that he is still a conquering hero gives him the same charm that women find in a precocious boy by whose innocuous audacity they are amused.

V.

The next day Ledyard took me to tea at Alixe de Sebenwald's apartments in the Villa Constance, and strutted about the sunny room as if he had known her twenty years. The talk soon turned upon play, that inexhaustible subject of conversation at Monte Carlo, and the Baronne, who had not been in the rooms that morning, and whose winnings of the night before still remained intact, again thanked Ledyard for having shown her how to make a snowball; for this simple process of letting her winnings increase seemed to her a bottomless mine of wealth.

"If you take my advice," I said, "which of course you won't, you will consider yourself uncommonly lucky to be a bit ahead of the tables, and leave it at that. It's as plain as possible that if you go on playing long enough, and the cards run just as well for you as they do for the tables, you will lose every sou you have in the world. At *trente et quarante* the *refait* makes a constant advantage of about three per cent. for the tables. At roulette there are thirty-six numbers on the wheel, and the zero as well, making in all thirty-six chances to one that you will not hit upon the right number. And if you do hit upon it, they only pay you thirty-five times the amount of your stake. So that in the series of thirty-seven shots, if you hit it once, as you might fairly expect to do, you would at the end of the series have lost your stake once. And if, instead of putting your stake on one number, you play upon a combination of chances, which makes it more probable that you will win, the rules of the game more than proportionately diminish the return you get. If, for instance, you place your stake astride of two numbers, so as to cover the chance of either turning up, and one of these should win, you will only be paid seventeen times your stake, which makes the odds you receive thirty-four to one instead of thirty-five. On the whole, the percentage in favor of the bank is larger at roulette than at *trente et quarante*, and the men who play high, and play every season, all play at *trente et quarante*. They make a winning, once in a way, which seems enormous if you forget how much they have lost before they make it. But even the three per cent. or three and a half per cent. of the *trente et quarante* tables is hard to fight against. If they made you play with counters instead of money, and only sold you ninety-seven louis' worth of counters for your hundred louis in money, you would think this discount was a monstrous extortion; and when you remember that the shares of the company sell to-day for five times what they originally cost, notwithstanding the enormous expenses which have to be paid out of the profits of the rooms before a dividend is declared, you can't help seeing that it is absurd to play."

"But it is very nice to win," said Madame de Sebenwald.

"Ask him why he plays if it's so hopeless," said Ledyard.

"I play because I am, like most of the nicest people I know, not so wise as I ought to be. But, on the other hand, I am not so foolish as many of them, because I do not play so high. I shouldn't care to be at Monte Carlo without playing at all. It's the custom of the place; it's in the air. Not to play at all would be like going about in a frock-coat and a top-hat. One plays because the others play, and if one did not play one would have a cold sense of being an intruder, like a one-legged man at a ball. I never lost more than three or four hundred louis in a season. When I begin to lose, I stop; and mine is only milk-and-water play at best. I never staked a maximum in my life."

"I have only been playing for a few days," said the Baronne, "and as I am a winner so far, I think it's all delightful."

"You mustn't be too enthusiastic about it," said Ledyard, "because if you stick to it you'll drop a lot at it some day, and then you'll hate me, and I shall rush madly out and hang myself to a tree on the terrace, and dangle in the moonlight like the chaps you read about in the newspaper."

"It seems to me the most interesting thing I ever saw," said the Baronne. "Of course I've read a lot about Monte Carlo, but when you read in a novel about how a man staked so much and won it, and then staked so much and lost it, it always seems confusing and tiresome. But when you see them play, and when you play yourself, it's wonderful."

"It's cheaper to read about it," said Ledyard. "But most of those fellows who write about Monte Carlo come down here for a week with a tourist's ticket, and live at a little *pension* down Mentone way. They play five-franc pieces at roulette, and they don't know any of the men who really punt. So far as playing goes, the only thing to do is to let your winnings run, and cut short your losses. When you do that you are playing with the bank's money. I haven't missed a season here for more than twenty years, and I don't think there has been a single day in them all when I haven't seen a series of eight or nine blacks or reds in succession, and counted up what I would have won if I had started with a louis and let it double up. It's a lovely set of figures. I rattle them over in my sleep: two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, sixty-four, one hundred and twenty-eight, two hundred and fifty-six, five hundred and twelve, and then if you win the tenth *coup* you've got a thousand and twenty-four louis, more than a maximum, and have to take your money off and go home. Only ten *coups*, think of it! How I'd love to do it to-night! But it takes an awful lot of pluck to leave it all up. Fancy that tenth *coup*, when you've already won over five hundred louis for the one louis you started with, and you could draw it off if you wanted to. You want to howl with rage if you lose it, and yet if you take it off, and then when the *coup* is played you see that if you had left it on you would have won again, you go and hammer your head against the wall."

"I simply couldn't do it," said the Baronne. "I should have to have my hands tied behind me, or I couldn't leave it."

"I've done it two or three times in my life," said Ledyard; "thrown down a louis for luck, when I was standing up behind somebody, and not meaning to play at all, and then let it run into a maximum. And then how I swaggered out of the rooms and had a lot of people to dine! But I always say to a young man who asks me about play, 'Never touch a card—never!' I've said it a hundred times. I suppose I've lost, in all, forty or fifty thousand pounds playing here—for I used to play like a demon when I was a youngster—and there's nothing in it."

"I suppose it would be better for me not to play any more," said the Baronne. "It's delightful to have won what I have, and I should feel dreadfully if I lost."

"You are quite right," said I; "but you will play nevertheless. Everybody makes good resolutions, and everybody goes back to the tables."

"Except," said Ledyard, "the man who won a heap of money and then built a big villa up on the hill, where he sits on his balcony all day and pulls faces at the Casino, without ever going near it. But he was one man out of a million."

"And there are people," said I, "who believe that he is an employé of the administration, and that the whole performance was a put-up job to encourage people to believe that it is possible to beat the tables in the long-run."

"It is wonderful," said the Baronne, "to think that there are ten millions of francs in the vaults of the Casino, and that the administration could draw on the bankers for as much more if they had to borrow money. Think what one could win in a single day if one only knew beforehand what the *coups* would be!"

"It is wonderful," said Ledyard. "And for that matter, I suppose there is hardly any limit to the amount of new capital they could raise if they needed it. But nobody ever has crippled them, and nobody ever will. All the stories you hear about men having broken the bank are the merest rubbish. It of course often happens that the amount of capital with which each table is equipped when the play begins may be exhausted by a run in favor of the punters; but as soon as the croupiers see that their stock is running low, they send a man rushing up stairs to the office for more money. And it has only happened once or twice in the course of all the play I have seen at Monte Carlo that a croupier has been obliged to deal his cards or spin his wheel a little more slowly to gain time until the messenger brings him more money. The administration of the Casino is one of the strongest bodies in the world, and if people only knew more about the inside of its affairs there would not be nearly so many fools ready to lose their money. It is all very well to say that the governments of Europe ought to combine to put a stop to the playing here, but if they could drive a little common-sense into the heads of the idiots who come here, that would serve the purpose quite as well. To men like me it really makes very little difference whether they play or not. When we have a bad year here—and the year is almost always bad—we have to deprive ourselves of some of the luxuries we like. But of course there are silly boys—and silly men, too, for that matter—who cripple themselves for life in the course of a single season. And yet, after all, most of the play is harmless enough. The men who play high are nearly all Englishmen, and Englishmen who are in the habit of winning and losing large sums over cards and horses at home. It isn't, after all, the big fish who fill the nets of the Casino. The bulk of the money comes from the people who lose four or five louis and then stop. It is wrong, and it is immoral, and it is everything you please, but still the administration gives you a good deal in exchange for your money if you don't play too high. And as long as they do that, I don't know that it's anybody's business how big a profit they make out of it. It is the most beautiful spot in the world, and it was nothing but a bare rock when they took hold of it. Lots of people come here who never play at all, and there is the orchestra and the opera and the gardens and all that for their benefit just the same."

"You know as well as I do, my dear fellow," said I, "that you can talk until you are blue in the face, and you can't make yourself believe, let alone making anybody else believe, that this place isn't a sink of iniquity. It ought to be blown sky-high, the whole thing."

"I wonder," said Ledyard, "whether Madame de Sebenwald has ever heard the story of the man who threatened to blow it sky-high. They say it is true, but whether it is or not, it's ingenious. He was the commanding officer of a Russian man-of-war, this chap, and while his ship was at Nice he used to come over here every day and play like mad. He lost a lot of money, and then he began to help himself out of the ship's chest, like the bankers' clerks, and such people, who think they can make good again. Finally he got to the end of the ship's money. He was a man of very good family and all that, and there was nothing for him to do but to write a letter to the navy people at Petersburg, calling himself bad names, and then blow out his brains. But he made up his mind he'd have some fun first, and he got up steam and ran down by Villefranche for drill. When the ship was off Monte Carlo he went ashore in his launch, and marched up to the upper floor of the Casino, where he sent in his card to the chief of the administration. When he got into his office he said:

"'I have lost a lot of money at your beastly game, and I have robbed the ship's chest. I am going to kill myself, but first I am going to make it hot for you people. If you look out of the window you can see my ship lying off the port. My crew are not in the habit of asking questions before they obey orders, and I have had all the shore broadside shotted. I am going off there now, and I am going to blow your gingerbread building into so many pieces that the crows up on Turbie will be using thousand-franc notes to line their nests with. *Je vous salue, monsieur!*'

"And with that he started to walk out of the room. The man grabbed him by his braided coat tails, and begged him to sit down and talk it over. The end of it was they gave him back all he lost, and no one ever heard the story until he had retired from the navy."

"It would have been money in your pocket if he had blown it up, Ledyard," said I.

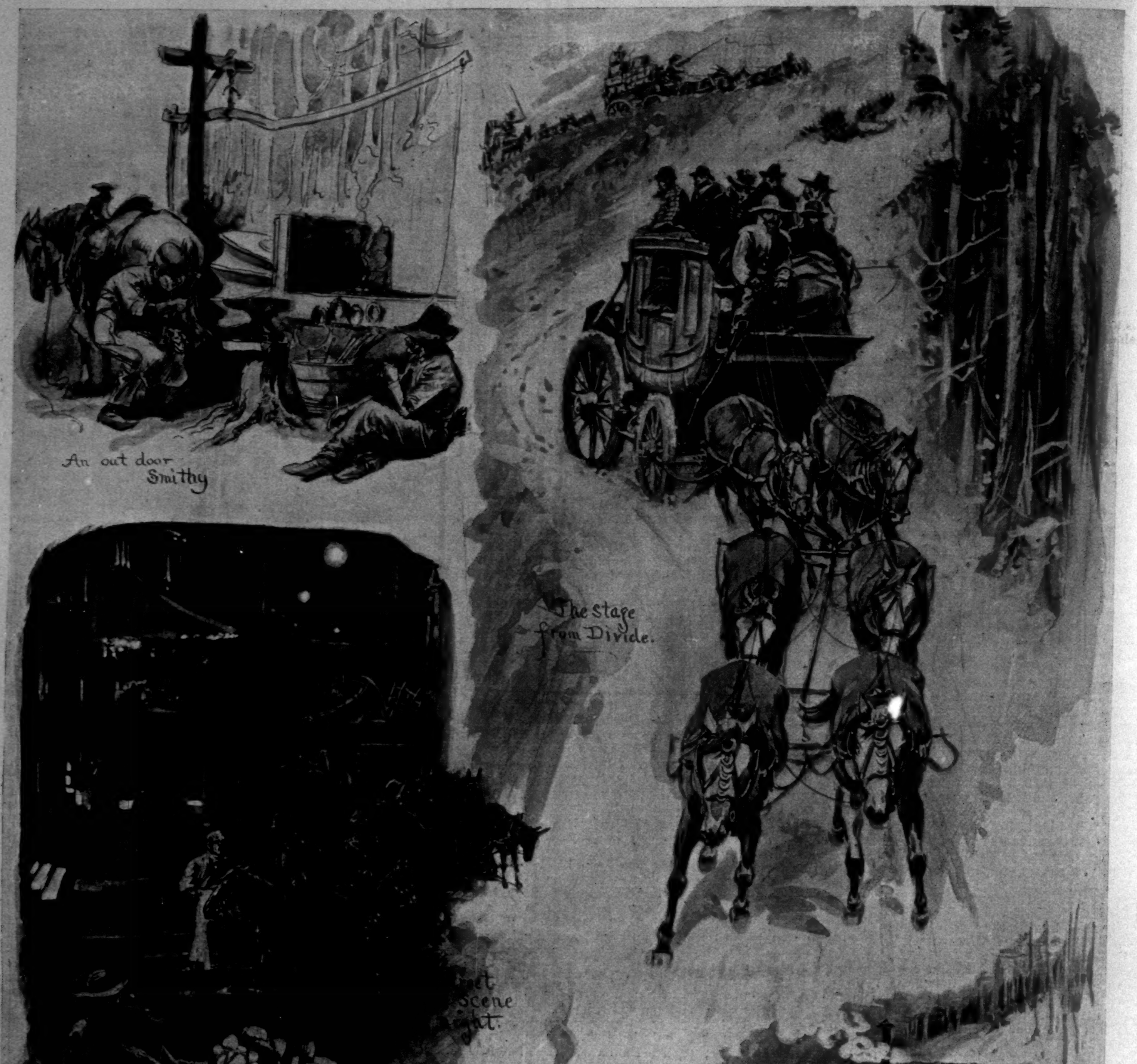
"I don't complain," replied that cheerful philosopher; "as long as I have enough left to pay my hotel bill when I want to leave I am satisfied, and the administration will always lend you your fare home. And now, my dear child, I must be going over to the rooms. It's the best time of the day to play, for all the little pigs that get the seats at the tables and scream with joy when they win tuppence three farthings have gone to their horrid dinners, and I'm going to win a million francs before I dress."

"She's rather an agreeable young person, isn't she?" remarked Ledyard, pulling up his shirt collar and tucking in his chin, as we crossed the gardens on our way from the Villa Constance to the rooms.

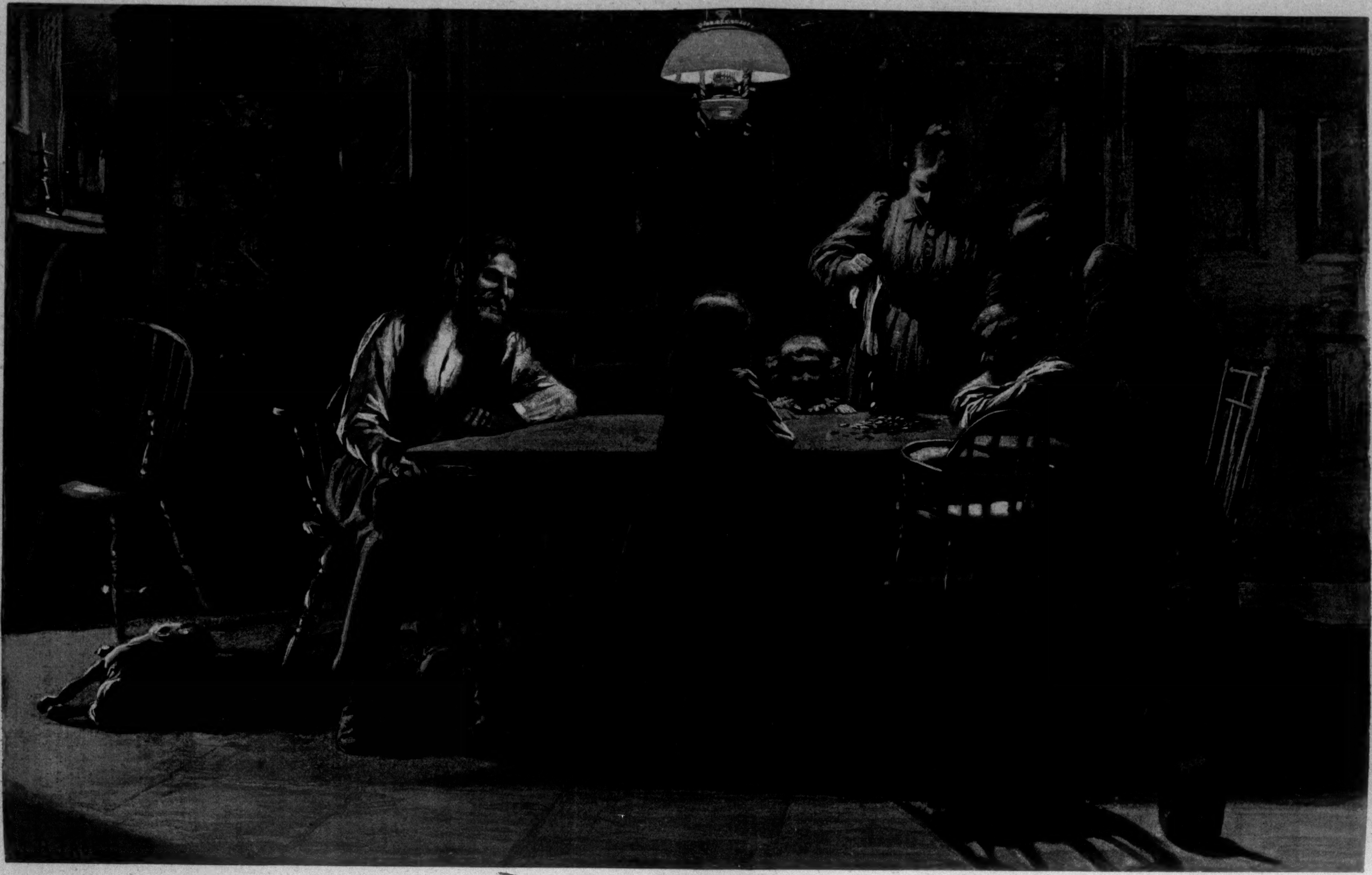
"She seems to be an excellent listener," I replied. "I may be mistaken, but I don't seem to remember her having found a chance to do anything but say 'yes' or 'no' and gape at you."

"She ought to be uncommonly glad to have the chance, my funny little friend," said Ledyard. "My conversation is always agreeable and entertaining, whereas you sit flooding yourself with tea, and twiddling your thumbs over your poor old stomach like a rhinoceros on a music-stool."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]


An out door Smithy
The stage from Divide.
et
scene
ght.
HOT & COLD BATHS
A District Messenger.
LOTS FOR SALE 25 X 100
Mining-camp Architecture
W. A. Rogers.

IN THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS—SKETCHES AT CRIPPLE CREEK.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.—[SEE PAGE 1231.]



THE CHRISTMAS SAVINGS.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.

ANARCHY.

BY PROF. RICHARD T. ELY,

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON, WISCONSIN.

THE successful treatment of disease requires correct diagnosis. Anarchy is a social disease of a malignant type, and the indignation and horror which properly fill us when we hear of outrages such as those which have taken place recently in Spain and in France—especially the recent explosion of a dynamite bomb in the French Chamber—should not deter us from a calm examination of the peculiarities of this monstrosity. What do these men want who are called anarchists? Why do they so generally propose to attain their ends by violence? How do they justify themselves to themselves in a reckless disregard of human life, which can scarcely be paralleled in the most brutal episodes of modern warfare?

If it is stated that the anarchists, with but few exceptions, desire a co-operative commonwealth in which men shall work together for their mutual advantage, it does not follow that their social programme is necessarily a bad one. They have declared their purpose themselves in these words: "The establishment of a free society based on the co-operative organization of production." This may or may not be practicable; but to strive for this is, at first, at any rate, likely to strike one as praiseworthy, rather than blameworthy. Moreover, this is an end which the anarchists have in common with numerous other groups of persons in modern society. Many men whose names we all honor have wished to contribute what they could to the establishment of a free co-operative commonwealth. We do not have, then, in this statement of purposes that which is peculiar to anarchy. We cannot find in it that for which we are searching, namely, an explanation of their awful violence. This must be sought elsewhere.

There are various groups among the anarchists, but they are agreed in one fundamental and most dangerous doctrine, namely, that man has no moral right to exercise authority over his fellows. To the exercise of authority of some men over other men they trace the social and individual evils of our time. It is authority, they claim, which protects privilege, exploits labor, maintains wage slavery, and stands athwart the pathway which leads to the promised land of plenty and peace secured by co-operation. Men are held by anarchy to be naturally good, and to be restrained from brotherly co-operation by the authority of a few oppressors maintained through church and state. The evil of evils, then, is authority. Even this may not suggest at once its full meaning to the reader. Let him remember, however, what consequences naturally flow from the principle that authority has no ethical or religious basis. Does not government then become simply a combination of individuals exercising force merely for personal advantage? If government has the character of any private combination of strong men to pursue their own advantage to the detriment of others by downright physical force, does not resistance to it become a duty? We are now brought face to face with one of the most serious problems of modern times, namely, the true seat of authority in government and its ethical justification. The anarchist can look upon resistance to government at a particular time at the best as only a question of expediency. You may take the position that it is better to submit to a certain injustice from a pugilist rather than to resist him with your insufficient physical strength. You wish that you had the power and the skill to knock him down; you know that should you punish him as the brutal fellow deserves your conduct would be only praiseworthy. There are anarchists who say that resistance to government at present is folly, because it has no outlook for success; but there are no anarchists, so far as the writer knows, who look upon resistance as morally wrong. It is this refusal to recognize anything but ordinary brute force in government which renders anarchy the most extreme social theory in the world's history, and the most dangerous theory which civilization has ever had to encounter.

The anarchists are natural and avowed social rebels. The disease which we are examining is an old-fashioned one, with an old-fashioned name which scarcely seems to have a place in science any longer, namely, sin, and that fundamental sin *rebellion*. It is said that Cain was the first anarchist. But there is a story of an older and far more powerful anarchist, the king of all anarchists, that arch-rebel Satan. This does no injustice to the anarchists, because the founder of modern anarchy, Michael Bakounin, delights to honor Satan as a rebel whose conduct, if followed, will lead to universal peace and enjoyment. Satan is called by him "the eternal rebel, the first freethinker, and the emancipator of the world." Bakounin states, moreover, that Satan "makes man ashamed of his bestial ignorance and obedience; he emancipates him, stamps upon his brow the seal of liberty and humanity in urging him to disobey and eat the fruit of knowledge." Adam and Eve are praised for their disobedience. It is stated that they were little better than the animals of other species, but that in Adam and Eve there were two precious faculties, namely, the power to think and the desire to rebel, which were the beginning of human progress.

As the anarchists are rebels against human authority, they are, with perhaps scarcely an exception, rebels against divine authority. The flag which they wave is the flag of atheism and materialism. Voltaire said that if God did not exist it would be necessary to invent Him, because he felt the need of the idea of God as a social force. The anarchist says, however, in the words of Bakounin, "If God existed it would be necessary to abolish Him." The meaning of this is that the source of all authority is God, and it is possible to get authority out of the world only by driving out of the minds of men the idea of God. There is in this perverse statement of the anarchist a profound philosophy. God is indeed the source of authority, as the apostle Paul long ago said: "There is no power but of God: the powers that be, are ordained of God." The only solid foundation of authority in human affairs is God; and the anarchist, to break down authority, must endeavor to annihilate the idea of God.

The anarchist then avows that the two fundamental institutions of oppression and slavery are church and state. He calls these the vampires of history nourished upon the blood of millions of oppressed and down-trodden men and women. Religion is to him but "a collective insanity."

The "propaganda of deed" is not difficult to explain when we understand the fundamental hypotheses upon which anarchy rests. This propaganda advocates the use of violence by individuals and groups of individuals, either hoping thereby at once to break down authority, or to attract attention to the doctrines of anarchy, while they trust they will receive general recognition as a result of enforced discussion. This "propaganda of deed," which has been accepted by a very large proportion of modern anarchists, although not now perhaps so generally adopted as at one time, originated naturally enough in Russia, where free discussion and reform by persuasion are rendered so difficult by autocratic power. One whose name has an unenviable distinction as the first clear enunciator of the "propaganda of deed" is Netschajew. Some twenty years or more since he framed a "Revolutionary Catechism," in which he describes the revolutionist. Unfortunately space is too limited to permit a full quotation, but a few sentences will give the reader a lively idea of the terrible character of this document:

"The revolutionist despises all dogmas.... He knows only one science, namely, destruction. For this purpose, and for this alone, he studies mechanics, physics, chemistry, and possibly also medicine.... He despises and hates the present social morality in all its leadings.... For him there is only one pleasure, one comfort, one recompense—the success of the revolution.... He must be ready to die, and equally ready to kill every one with his own hands who hinders him in the attainment of this purpose."

Perhaps nothing more extreme was ever uttered, and such a statement of principles could not count upon anything like universal acceptance among anarchists, even if it may be a logical deduction from their principles. Probably less to-day than formerly would it meet with the general approbation of anarchists.

The first impulse is to determine to attack these wild beasts of society, to exterminate them as enemies of their kind. Yet the first impulse here is not wholly reliable. Looking at the matter thoughtfully, we find it is necessary to make distinctions. The "propaganda of deed" must, in fact, be suppressed. Violence must be punished with severity; public peace must be preserved at all costs. The power of society must be brought to bear upon rebellion and put it down; and society, we may all rest assured, is equal to this task. But this is not sufficient. The philosophy underlying anarchy cannot be rooted out by physical force. Wise thinkers have long recognized that the only cure for a bad philosophy is a good philosophy. We must replace the philosophy of freedom and happiness through rebellion with the philosophy of real freedom and real happiness through obedience. We must learn to recognize the state as something sacred, or else we must be prepared to deal with anarchy as a perpetually menacing force. We must establish upon a firm foundation the right of man to exercise authority over his fellows, showing in what this right originates, what maintains it, and what holds it within desirable limits. Indeed, if government is mere brute force, why should it not be resisted by brute force? Is the policeman's club the beginning and the end of authority? If this is so, what ethical reason can be deduced to show that a stronger than he should not wrest his club from him?

It has been stated that the anarchists themselves recognize God as the source of authority. May we not ask ourselves in all seriousness the question whether modern science has not become too materialistic, and whether we have done wisely in driving out of our political science the idea of God? Shall we, in our economics and politics, shrink from this idea as something unscientific? If so, we must be prepared to accept the consequences. We perceive, therefore, that anarchy is to some extent—indeed, to a very great extent—an ethical and a religious question requiring the attention of the moral teacher and the preacher. Yet there are those who tell us that the preacher should let alone political and social questions, and confine himself to "the simple gospel of Christ," whatever that may mean.

But this question of anarchy is also a question of economics. It is important to add to our ethical and religious teaching a sound political economy, and this political economy will show the impossibility of the attainment of the end proposed by the anarchists by the means which they propose, altogether apart from the ethical nature of these means. The economic impossibility of anarchism is a topic which is worthy of serious treatment.

There are dangers against which we must guard in the present emergency. One of these is that the strength of the anarchists will be over-estimated. They are but a handful of people, and perhaps in a dozen years have not been weaker than they are now. Desertions from their ranks have been numerous, and those who lead other and, relatively at least, saner movements are frequently persons who have turned their backs upon anarchy. The deeds of violence which have occurred recently must not be misunderstood. They represent no general movement whatever. These deeds are not seen to proceed from any of the leaders of the anarchists, and it may be very much doubted whether they represent even a general movement among the few anarchists. Probably the best heads among the anarchists regret them as inexpedient, and it may be found that the individuals here and there who have been guilty of these deeds are half insane.

This recent violence is to be regarded like an epidemic of crime, such as takes place from time to time in different cities, for which a comparatively few individuals are responsible.

Another danger is that society will fail to discriminate between the various social movements, and thus, on the one hand, lose much useful support, and, on the other, by acts of persecution, will tend to drive some to the anarchistic philosophy and practices. The chief discrimination which should be made at the present time is that between socialism and anarchy, which have so recently been confounded. The two are far enough apart, and where the one thrives the other languishes. The most effective force, for example, in keeping anarchy out of Germany has been social democracy. And if this social democracy were stronger in Spain, there would be less anarchy there. The abhorrence of the deed of violence in the French Chamber of Deputies expressed by the French socialists is doubtless very sincere and genuine. There is, no doubt, very much to be condemned in social democracy, but this is something different enough from anarchy. It is one of the most useful antagonists of anarchy, because it opposes the social demand of anarchy from a stand-point which the masses can understand. It is something which is to be attacked and overcome by very different methods.

CLOSURE IN THE FIRST SENATE.

BY HENRY HARMON NEILL.

THE United States Senate is now the only important legislative body in the world that has no closure rule; in the Senate alone can a minority theoretically talk a measure to death. The House of Lords is not an exception, for its power to defeat a bill, whether by direct vote or by inaction, is reducible to *nil* by a determined Commons. But the Senate's right to defeat legislation is very real, and in the Senate the minority's power to prevent legislation is very positively declared and not infrequently exercised.

And during the trying struggle of last summer a large number of Senators, including nearly all the older members, declared against the adoption of a rule providing for the previous question, and the shrewdest and best-informed observers at Washington believe the adoption of such a rule impossible. The reasons given are practically all contained in the undoubted fact that Senatorial tradition is respected, and to a certain extent respectable. Senatorial tradition, it is held, forbids the adoption of a closure rule, prohibits any action by a majority of the Senate looking to its adoption, so long as a minority, or a single member, desires to speak against it, and especially makes it impossible for the Vice-President to put any question to a vote without the consent of every Senator present.

The last point is most strongly insisted upon, and is based upon constitutional law as well as Senatorial tradition. The Vice-President, as President of the Senate, is held to be a respectable automaton, with no constitutional right to take any part whatever in its proceedings except by its tacit request. He may decide points of order in first instance; he has a vote if the Senate is tied; he puts a question when asked to do so. A leading Senator has declared that should he attempt to put a question when not asked—nay, when a single member out of eighty-eight objected—he would not live to see the result of his violation of tradition, of law, and of the Constitution.

This Senatorial tradition is held, of course, to be as old as the Senate, just as our constitutional law is largely derived from the opinions of the framers of the Constitution. Americans have a respect for the "framers," second only to their respect for the "signers," of the Declaration. Senators share in this with their fellow-citizens, and for "framers" who also became Senators their respect approaches veneration.

In the Senate of the First Congress of the United States sat nine men who had been "framers," had signed their names to the original draught of the Constitution; they comprised more than one-third of the Senate from April, 1789, to March, 1791. Here, if anywhere, we shall find a firm basis for Senatorial tradition, and the proper interpretation of the Constitution so far as it relates to the rights and duties of the Senate.

The whole case against a closure rule, if it depends upon tradition, falls to the ground when we discover that such a rule existed and was repeatedly made use of in the First Senate. It read as follows:

Rule 7.—In case of a debate becoming tedious, four Senators may call for the question; or the same number may at any time move for the previous question, viz., "Shall the main question now be put?"

This is closure, pure and simple. Four Senators—less than one-sixth of the whole number, and less than one-third of a quorum—had power to demand an instant vote as to whether the question before the Senate should be put to a vote forthwith; if a majority so wished, the question was voted on and disposed of at once, without further debate.

The proceedings of the Senate in those days were secret. But one of the members, William Maclay, of Pennsylvania, minuted its doings from day to day, and his diary has come down to us. It was recently made public, and from it we learn that the previous question was frequently used in the sessions at New York and Philadelphia. Maclay was a fervent anti-Federalist, and was usually in the minority. "We used to canvass every subject," he writes, March 2. 1791, "and dispute every inch of Hamilton's systems, and this sometimes detached some of his party from him and defeated him. To prevent this all has been put off until this late moment, and now not a word will be heard. The plea of want of time prevails, and every one that attempts to speak is *silenced with the cry of question*. It was known that I had controverted sundry positions laid down by Hamilton in his report, and had prepared myself on the subject. *It was easy to call the question and silence debate.*"

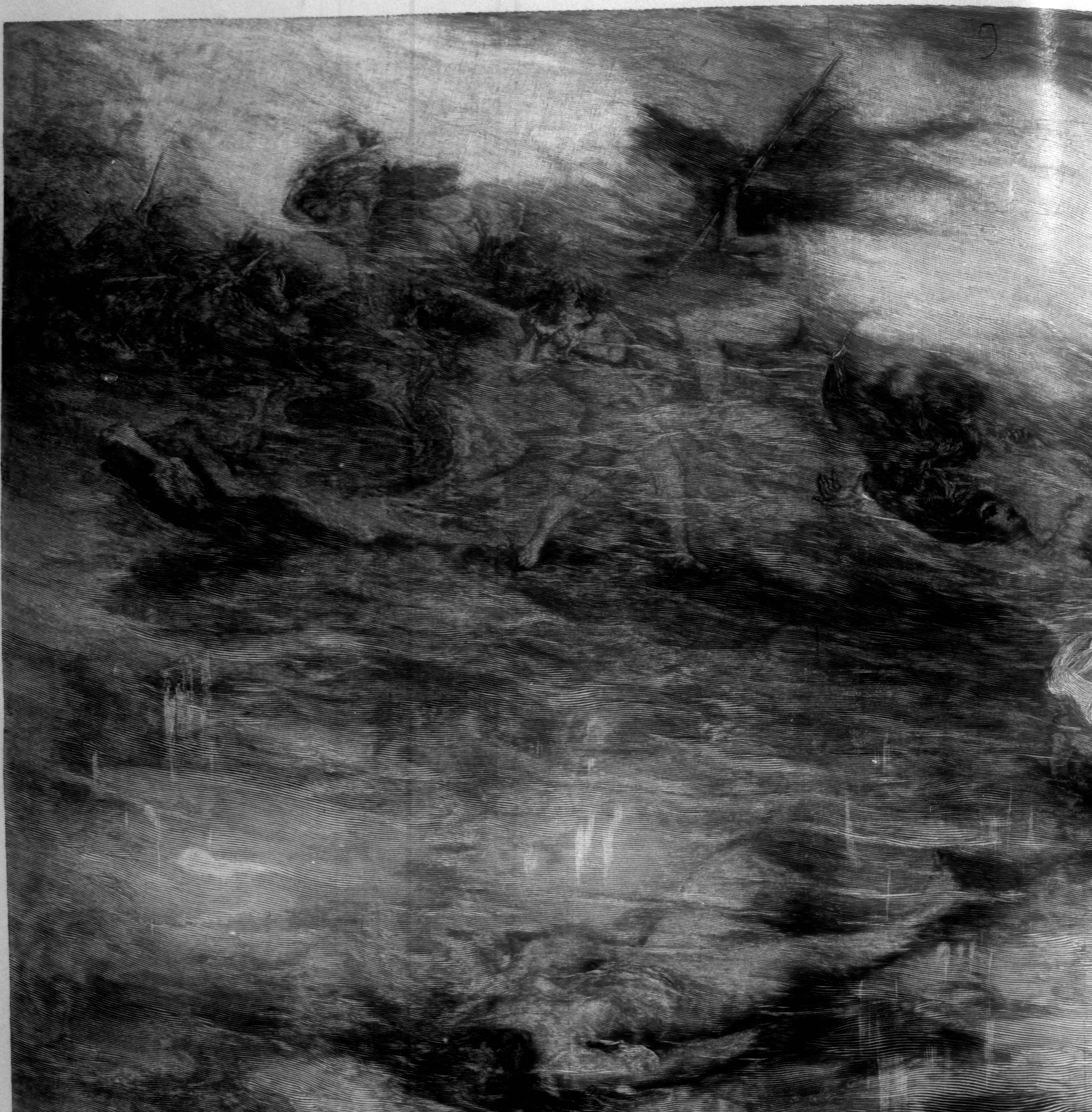
Equally at variance with modern theories was the practice in the First Senate with regard to the part played by the Vice-President. John Adams took the most active part in the Senate's deliberations. He made at least one speech every day. "The Vice-President, as usual," says Maclay, "made us two or three speeches from the chair," April 25, 1789. "This day (May 12th) the Vice-President gave us no set speech from the chair," and the fact is worth minuting. "I began now to think (May 28th) of what Mr. Morris had told me, that it was necessary to make Mr. Adams Vice-President to keep him quiet;" but the device was a total failure. One of his speeches took forty minutes to deliver.

Nor did Vice-President Adams hesitate to use his position in the Senate to influence legislation in other ways than by constant argument and speech-making. Frequently he strained even the ordinary powers of a presiding officer, and on at least one occasion did exactly what is now so vehemently declared impossible. Says Maclay, April 27, 1789: "I made an effort to rise. *The Vice-President hurried the question*, and it was put and carried."

It must be admitted, however, that the Senators were a talkative lot from the first. "I rose," we find Maclay declaring, "more in consequence of a kind of determination that I have adopted of saying something every day than from any fondness of the subject." And there were attempts at what would now be called filibustering, in spite of the rules. The existence of the city of Washington is probably due to the first efforts of this kind. The House passed a bill fixing the capital on the Susquehanna, in Pennsylvania, and the Senate was favorable to it; but prolonged debate carried the matter over to the second session of Congress, when Hamilton's famous bargain fixed the White House on the Potomac.

"Mr. Lynn called," is recorded by Maclay on September 22, 1789. "Told me the design of the Virginians and the Carolina gentlemen was to talk away the time, so that we could not get the bill passed." And the next day: "Every endeavor was made to waste time. Lee, Butler, Grayson, refused to go on with the business, as Gunn was absent. Gunn came, and then they wanted to go and see the balloon let off.... The rage for speaking did not subside.... There was now a cry for adjournment to see the balloon, and the Senate rose."

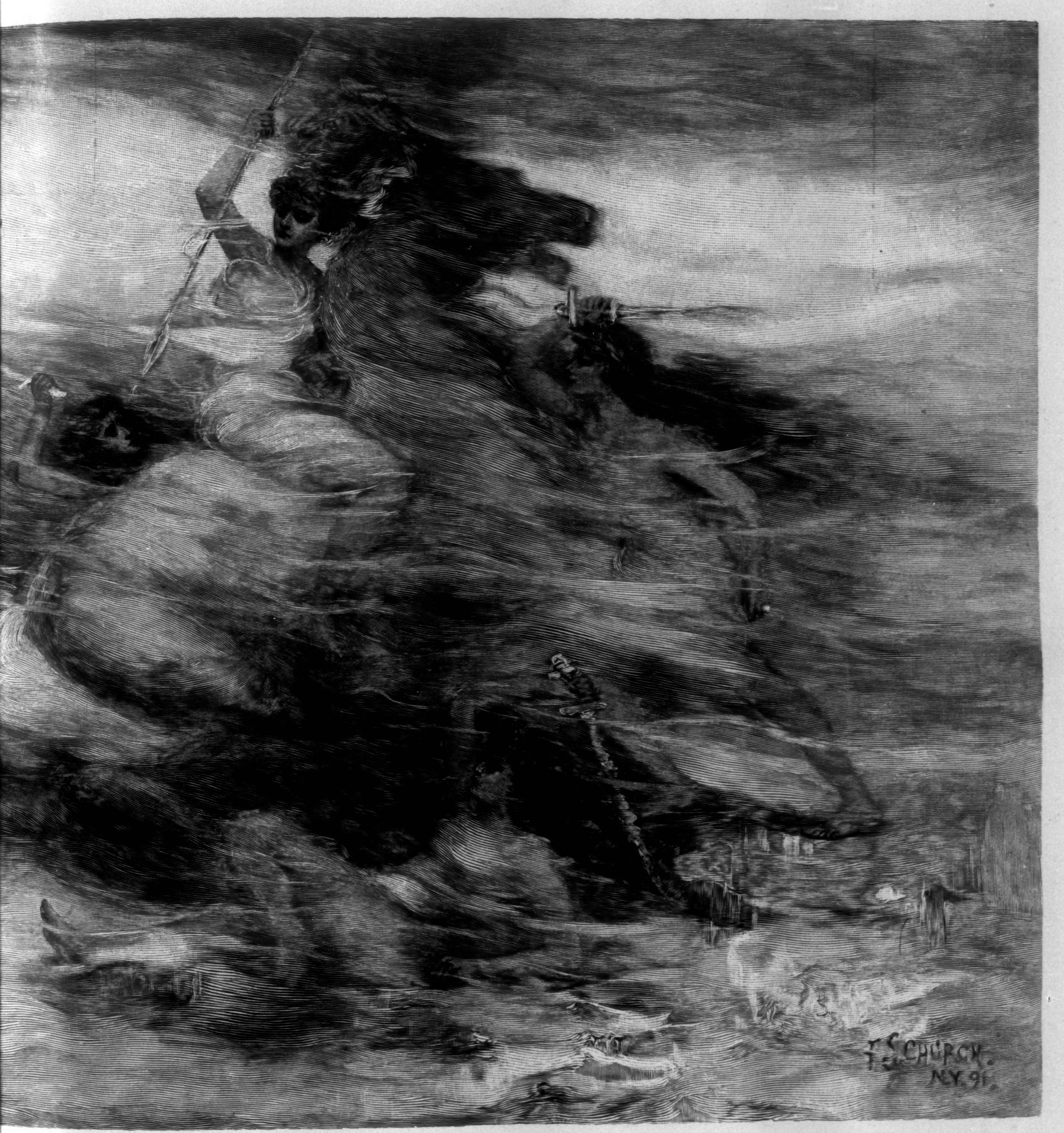
(*Continued on page 1231.*)



HARPER'S WEEKLY, DECEMBER 23, 1893.

THE BATTLE

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHURC


F. S. CHURCH.
N.Y. 91.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

OF THE SIRENS.

RCH, IN POSSESSION OF POTTER PALMER.

(Continued from page 1226.)

Had there been a clear majority for the House bill, however, it would have been put through. But Robert Morris, though a Pennsylvanian, hoped for a site nearer Philadelphia than that proposed, and the opponents of the Potomac could not depend on his vote, which was necessary to make a majority. The record shows that his sectional policy deprived Pennsylvania of the capital city, and also caused the first triumph of filibustering, the first failure of an apparent majority to enforce its will by applying the existing rule for the previous question.

But the record is equally plain that the rule existed, and was often made use of; that Senators were silenced; that the Vice-President forced a vote when a Senator was asking for a hearing; and that if John Adams were to-day presiding over a Senate containing such men as John Langdon, Rufus King, William Samuel Johnson, William Paterson, Robert Morris, George Read, Richard Bassett, Pierce Butler, and William Few, he and they would make short work of any alleged Senatorial tradition by which effort was made to prevent a reasonably prompt vote upon a pending measure. The best Senatorial tradition is not against a closure rule, but for it; not in favor of endless debate, but against it.

JOHN TYNDALL.

BY PROFESSOR N. S. SHALER, OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

Although the burden of age, together with the weariness due to a long and peculiarly active life, had for some years withdrawn Professor Tyndall from the public gaze, the news of his death brought sincere sorrow to the English folk of all lands. In our time no other man of the race has by his intellectual qualities and his personality so attracted the people of widely separated countries. His, indeed, was a life which singularly illustrates the wonderful modern growth of interest in the truths of science. This motive he did much to develop. In the time to come to his good work will be attributed much of the change in the attitude of men towards nature, which has been the greatest accomplishment of this century.

When a man has done a great and peculiar work, it is well to consider his origin and nurture. This is a particularly fit task in the case of a naturalist, for all the work of such a man consists in interpreting the origin of things. John Tyndall was born in the little town of Leighlin Bridge, about fifty miles southwest of Dublin, Ireland, in the year 1820. His humble origin is shown by the fact that the precise time of his birth is unknown, and also by the change of his name, which by right was Tyndale. His father, a private in the Irish constabulary, a zealous Protestant, and a man of intelligence, claimed blood-relationship with William Tyndale, who rendered the Bible into English, to find his immediate reward in exile, and death at the stake. Like many another Irishman of capacity in science, Tyndall came from the English stock in the Cromwellian period. Of his generation and country we may note Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin), Sir William Rowan Hamilton, Professor Stokes, all of whom have won fame in physics or mathematics.

John Tyndall had his boyhood schooling under a teacher who laid for him a foundation of mathematics, and thus shaped his subsequent career. At nineteen years of age he found a place in a corps of the ordnance survey of Ireland, where his readiness in computations, a capacity for dealing with instruments, and a great liking for hard work brought him fair advancement. After a few years of this service there came a new branch of employment in surveying for the railways, which were so numerously projected that every man in the kingdom who could be trusted with a theodolite commanded high wages. A year or two of such well-paid work put the penniless youth in possession of some little money, and the occupation threw him in contact with a number of able men, who enriched his life by turning him towards experimental science.

In 1847 he began his long career as a teacher in Queenwood College, Hampshire, also known as Harmony Hall, hat curious venture of the speculative reformer Robert Owen, where the millennium was to begin. This concern, ike the other schemes of Owen, soon came to failure, but it erved Tyndall well, for it brought him into relations with Dr. Frankland, who was employed as instructor in physical cience in the school; with him he laid the foundation of his higher education. These young enthusiasts soon wearied of the trials of Harmony Hall. As surveyor and pedagogue Tyndall had managed to save about three hundred pounds. He determined to extend his training as a physicist by reorting to the University of Marburg, where Bunsen was eading the advance of such learning. For Tyndall there ould have been no more fitting master, for Bunsen was not nly a path-maker in science, but he endeared his pupils to im by his admirable qualities of heart. To him and to Knoblauch he alike owed much; the one started him in his nquiries concerning electro-chemistry, and the other supplied the seed from which in time grew the researches in raiant heat. With Knoblauch also he began those interesting esearches in the phenomena of diamagnetism which first made his name widely known among naturalists. The subect was one which had proved peculiarly baffling even to araday, and the fact that Tyndall soon led in the inquiries oncerning it affirmed his place among the young men of cience.

In 1853 Tyndall was invited to deliver a lecture before he Royal Institution in London. The eminent success of is effort, which showed for the first time his remarkable ower of interesting the public in recondite questions of ience, led almost at once to his election as Professor of atural Philosophy of that establishment, and determined is subsequent career in a way which was not altogether rtunate for his truly scientific work, in that it required him act as professorial popularizer. This institution is in a ise the complement of our Smithsonian, but it seeks by ublic lectures to effect the diffusion of learning, which is tter attained by Smithson's foundation by other and wider-ching means.*

In the Royal Institution Tyndall found a chance to delop that side of his nature to which his great abilities as rator and an experimenter instinctively led him. Hence-th his work, though it almost always showed the capacity deep research which was indicated by his writings on magnetism and radiant heat, was guided by the need of king an effective public showing, such as would keep up interest of the people, on which the institution had to rely for support. His predecessors, Davy and Faraday, suffered less from this temptation to discursiveness, perhaps for the reason that they were by nature less sympathetic, less inclined to live in the applause of the masses. To Tyndall the opportunity was too attractive to be passed by; for the rest of his life his days were, in the main, dedicated to the education and inspiration of the public.

Looking back over the vast array of his achievements between 1853 and 1893, wherein we can note a beautiful combination of the motive of pure research with that of clear exposition in a form to attract the people, we cannot but feel that his life was perhaps better bestowed in this work, which gave to laymen an ennobling conception of nature, than if it had been altogether devoted to learned inquiries. The range and scope of his quick-changing interests can only be conceived by those who have followed his writings. The dust and the Alps alike commanded his ever-vigilant attention. Although not by nature a controversialist, he had enough of the Irish humor to enjoy a fight for its own sake. In these combats he sometimes displayed a singular lack of discretion. Thus about twenty years ago he put forth the preposterous suggestion that the efficacy of prayer be made the subject of scientific experiment. This rude assault on faiths does not seem to have been due to irreverence, but to a momentary desire to revenge himself for the assaults which some clerical people had made upon him. In a like undisciplined way the last years of his life were troubled by a rancorous hatred of Mr. Gladstone—a feeling which was expressed with a singular fervor, and with little regard to the fitness of things. In these excesses we see as clearly as in his accomplishments that intensity and directness of purpose which gave value to his work.

The people of the United States have good reason to remember the visit which Professor Tyndall paid to them in 1872. The lectures which he delivered in various cities were deservedly the most successful that have ever been given by a man of science. It was characteristic of them that they often dwelt on the importance of considering science for its own sake, without reference to the money gains which it may afford. Many another of those who have come to us from foreign parts has felt called on to give a warning against the utilitarian spirit which, for some reasons not quite clear, is supposed to be peculiarly rife in this country, but Tyndall alone pointed the moral of his good advice by setting aside the profits of his lectures to found three scholarships, which are now held by the universities of Harvard, Columbia, and Pennsylvania. The principal of these funds, now amounting to about $30,000, suffices for the maintenance of students engaged in the study of physical science. They are, indeed, a unique and fitting memorial of a large and single natured man.

While Tyndall may not be reckoned among the foremost of the great students of nature whose names will ever be the glory of the Victorian age, as are those of the poets of the Elizabethan, his fame will endure. He has a large and well-earned place in among those who have advanced our knowledge of nature; he is clearly the leader of them all in the difficult art of interpreting those truths to the people.

It is a curious and interesting fact, one of the many which show the se relation between the English on either side of the Atlantic, that the al Institution was founded by an American, Benjamin Thompson ant Rumford), whose gift was in a way balanced by that of the amia- though unhappy Smithson, who gave his means to found an institun of learning in a land which he had never seen.

TRAINED ANIMALS AT TATTERSALLS.'

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

If you want to find out what is the life history of expert modern animal-trainers, you will find that they were all born, so to speak, in the business; generally they have been animal-collectors. In this calling they become familiar with the ways and manners of the great felines. A man with all his faculties sharpened must understand intuitively what even the facial movement of a lion or tiger may mean. If the man blunders and cannot interpret what he sees in pantomime, the penalty may be a bad bite or a mangled trainer. Trainers must possess cool courage without impetuousness, and an everlasting patience.

The modern and best school of animal-training is the one shown by the Hagenbeck company, for the subjugation of the wild creatures is positively due to kindness. The animals are not intimidated. There may be an inclination on the part of a lion to be bad-tempered at times, and, as far as animal traits go, there never were sounder lines written than

> "Let bears and lions growl and fight,
> For God hath made them so."

But these little tempests are soon pacified. Bad-mannered beasts are persuaded to be good and to keep good. It is not wise to give too much credit to a lion for brains. A dog has brains, and with it a sincere affection for his master, but it is the only animal that has this beautiful trait. Others of the lower creation show some gratitude, but in the sense of favors yet to come. Trainers generally acknowledge that lionesses and tigresses have more intelligence than the males. The females learn how to do things more quickly, but—there is a but—their instructors add, they show more malice.

The difference of cleverness is notably shown in this exhibition when Helena, a lioness, is introduced by Mr. Penje. She rides a pony, and while in motion springs from the pony's back to a perch, then has to jump down and take her ride again. It was delightful to see how lightly Helena took her up-jump, and, when in place, lolled in a nonchalant way, waiting for the return of the pony. She took a leisure look at the little horse, and accomplished her light spring just at the exact time. She knew all about it, and seemed to like it. When Mr. Philadelphia induced his lion, Black Prince, to go through the same performance, he showed bumptiousness. He didn't jump because he liked it, he had no high aspirations for art, and maybe if he had had a chance would have cuffed supple Helena for being the ballerine of the staid Leo family. Four hundred or more of pounds of lion heaped on a horse's back would seem like something heavy enough to stagger any circus courser, but the animated automaton comes down without a shock, so marvellous are feline muscular adaptations.

Any one familiar with theatrical settings knows how difficult it is to assign to a dozen men and women their exact positions on the stage when a tableau is wanted. Such trouble must be augmented thousands of times when wild animals are to be posed. Here is Mr. Mehrman, who puts in precise position two tigers, four lions, two leopards, two black bears, and a polar bear, not counting six boar-hounds. The dogs are aids; they require no prompting; they are letter perfect.

Up lumbers the polar bear, and the way he heaves himself gives one an idea of how he would scale an iceberg. It is simply superb to see how these animals form a pyramid. They are as motionless as stuffed animals. They look like some vast furriers sign, only it is the flash of their green eyes that assures you that the brutes are very much alive.

It is when all the animals are on the full romp, the trainer in with them, apparently quite indifferent as to what may turn up, that the science of animal-training is brought up to its highest expression. It is a school dismissed, and there are no rules. Little animal idiosyncrasies are here visible. There is the leopard. The hearty lions have bounced out first, and glad to go. The leopard lingers. He is not sociable. He wants no friends. He sneaks out the last of them. He may like a dog, but that dog would be more to his taste if in portions.

One lovely beast is the Thibetan bear. Nature made him for a fop. He wears a beautiful black coat, which wrinkles fashionably. He has on a natural white shirt bosom. As he teeters along in a mincing gait he is the personification of a little swell, and only wants a chrysanthemum flower to be perfect in get-up. He squares his shoulders, holds his arms in the approved "Cholley" style. This bear is a clever trickster, and walks on the ball and on the narrow edge of a plank. There is another bear, the Sloth (*Ursus labiatus*), who performs; but Mr. Mehrman tells me that he has had more bites from this Indian bear than from any other animal he has trained.

Pig nature is not obdurate, and there is an amusing clown who shows up three Russians, all estimable boars. In HARPER'S WEEKLY of some three years ago Professor Darling and his lions formed a topic. Since that time what were his cubs have grown to be big lions. It is somewhat of a task now for Professor Darling, Milo-like, to tuck a 500-pound lion under his arm and walk away with him, but, indifferent to increase of bulk, the trainer does it just as neatly as ever.

The animals have vastly improved in size, condition, and are just as amenable to reason as of yore. It is a wonderful exhibition of confidence when Darling makes a bed of a mass of lions, reclining on a mattress stuffed with long fangs and sharp claws. The entire performance was artistically arranged, and there were no failures.

"Why," asked Mr. Church, as we saw the animals at supper in the greenroom—"why has man so shamefully neglected the capabilities of these lions and tigers? Think of what a chaperon a lioness would be for a modern fashionable débutante—say a Una!"

Then a practical person, possibly a purveyor of food in the Hagenbeck employ, gave the proper answer. "It's a question of beef, Mr. Church. We find that for keeping a lion in good condition one pound of beef is worth two of horse."

"The survival of the fittest, then," said Mr. Church, who will keep intruding on my literary ground, "is purely a beef question. The solution is a brutal one." The artist was staring in the sphinxlike face of a lion, and was talking to Mr. Darling's Brutus.

As we left Tattersalls' the artist cheered up. Said he, "I have found at last the brute in that lovely story of 'Beauty and the Beast.' It never could have been anybody else than the Thibetan bear. He is elegant down to the ground."

THE COLORADO GOLD FIELDS.

The popular theory among the miners that a camp will be a success only after it heralds its third murder assures the brilliant future of the Cripple Creek gold fields of Colorado.

Although the actual life of this gold camp dates back but a trifle over a year, the required murder record has been passed, and now it is sobering down to prove its boast of developing into the greatest gold camp in the West.

The interest Cripple Creek has aroused in the United States and abroad is due, after its phenomenal worth, to the fact that with the closing of the principal silver mines in Leadville, Aspen, and other silver-producing points, hundreds of miners flocked to these mountains in El Paso County, on which they have pitched their tents, and pitted the country for miles about with prospecting scars.

About sixteen months ago, where to-day stand the camps of Poverty Gulch, Victor, Pharmacy, and Squaw Gulch—all forming Cripple Creek proper—was a vast grazing plain. The story runs that a "cow-puncher," while rounding-up cattle, picked up several stones to throw at a straying steer. He was attracted by the formation of the stone, and when it was assayed it gave a value of $4800 to the ton. That was only a few months ago; to-day one of the principal mines is picking ore which runs close to $20,000 a ton.

The people of the Cripple Creek camp talk only in thousands above the ten figure, and at night, when they centre from the hills in the hotel lobby, the noise and bustle would do credit to the New York Stock Exchange. Miners, cowboys, gamblers, English lords, and German counts meet on a common plane in the barter and sale of nature's most precious metal. Cripple Creek is well equipped with the typical mining dance-hall and gambling-saloon. Its inhabitants are taken from almost every walk of life, and are arrayed in mining costume, topped off with the cowboy felt hat and top-boots, with a liberal showing of guns. Still, withal, the camp is far above the average.

The town's elevation is about 10,000 feet above the sea, about the same altitude as Leadville; it is eighteen miles from the railroad. The trip from Divide to Cripple Creek is over a mountainous road, and is made by the picturesque old Concord coach, whose driver is always equipped and ready for a "hold-up."

Among the principal and stronger mines of the camp are the Anaconda, Buena Vista, Raven, Victor, Zenobia, and Pharmacist. The main stamp-mill is the Rosebud, which has been erected at a cost of $100,000.

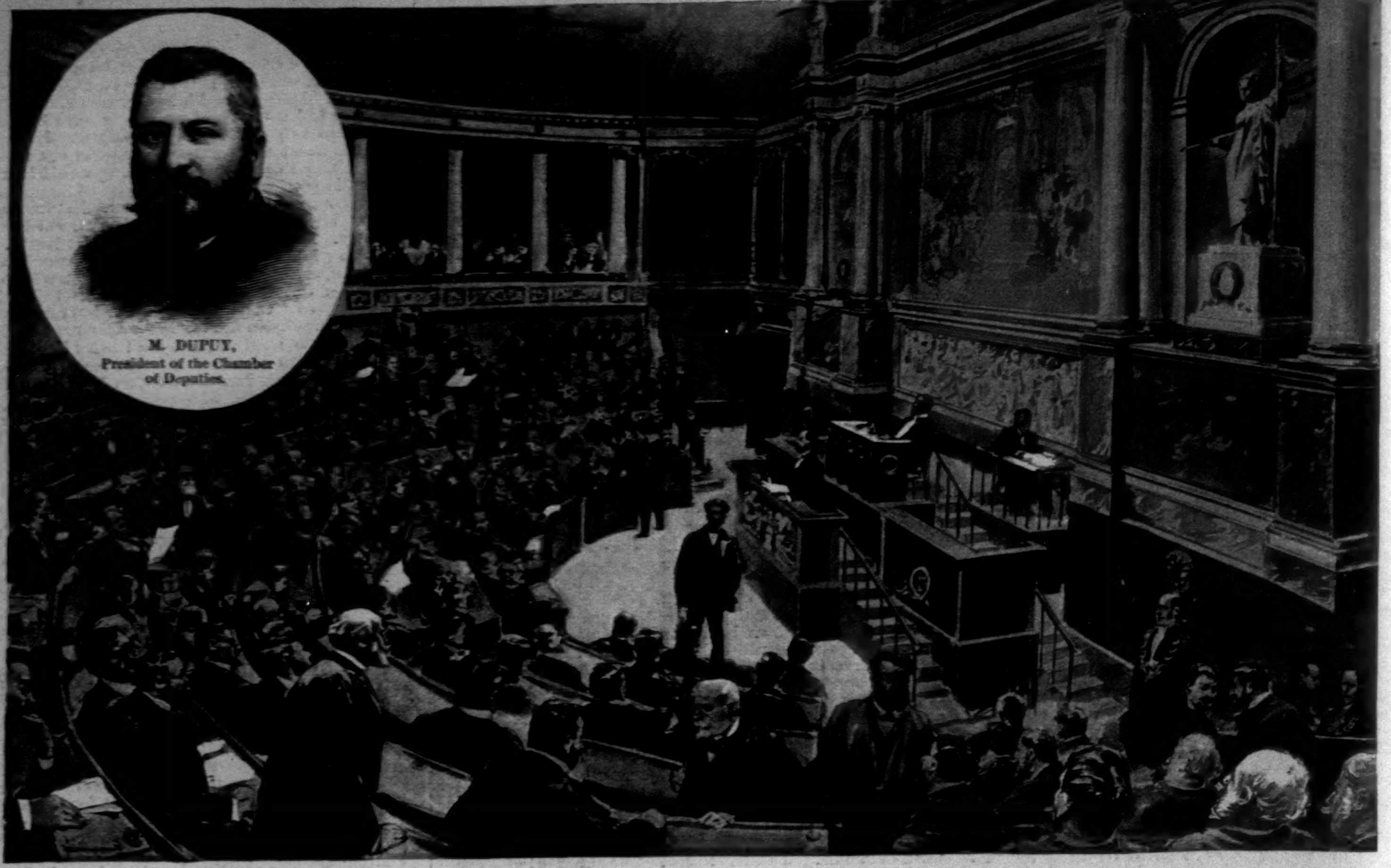
Cripple Creek is very young; it is gold-mad, and its disease is contagious. HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

THE NEW AMERICAN LINERS.

It is very generally known that there are now building at the William Cramp & Sons' Ship and Engine Building Company's yard on the Delaware two mail passenger steamers for the American Line. They are to be named the *St. Louis* and the *St. Paul*. Not only a local but a national interest is felt in these vessels, as they are the first transatlantic passenger steamers to be built in the United States for a period of over twenty years, and they will be compared with the most recent productions of the British ship-builders, which represent the culmination of their skill and experience.

They are to be the largest vessels ever constructed in America, the dimensions being 534 feet long on the water-line, 63 feet wide, and 42 feet deep. The gross register tonnage will be about 11,000 tons, or considerably larger than the *New York* and *Paris* Plans are being made for three other ships, that are to exceed in every particular the famous *Lucania* and *Campania*.

The propulsion of the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* will be by twin screws, actuated by two quadruple-expansion engines on four cranks, which, with steam at 200 pounds pressure,


M. DUPUY,
President of the Chamber of Deputies.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN SESSION.—Drawn by E. V. Nadherny.—[See Page 1226.]
The Scene of the recent Bomb-Throwing.

will develop about 20,000 collective indicated horse-power. To support the outboard shaft bearings the hull is built out in a horizontal web to a steel frame, having both bosses cast in one piece, and weighing about 68,000 pounds. This is one of the largest steel castings ever made in this country.

In designing these ships special attention has been given to the question of safety under all conditions. They are so subdivided by transverse bulkheads that even in the event of a collision and injury to a bulkhead, whereby two compartments might fill with water, the ship would still float in perfect safety.

Arrangements have been made in each of the vessels for carrying about 320 first-class and 175 second-class passengers, and 900 emigrants.

The first-class passengers will occupy the centre of the vessel, the second-class will be between the stern and centre, and the emigrants will occupy the ends of the vessel.

The main saloon, which is large enough to seat all the first-class passengers at once, will be on the upper deck forward, and will be arranged with a large dome in the middle, so that the appearance of the interior will be that of an immense dining-hall in a hotel.

The second-class saloon will also be on the upper deck, but towards the after-end, and will be fitted up in the ordinary style of a first-class saloon in an Atlantic liner.

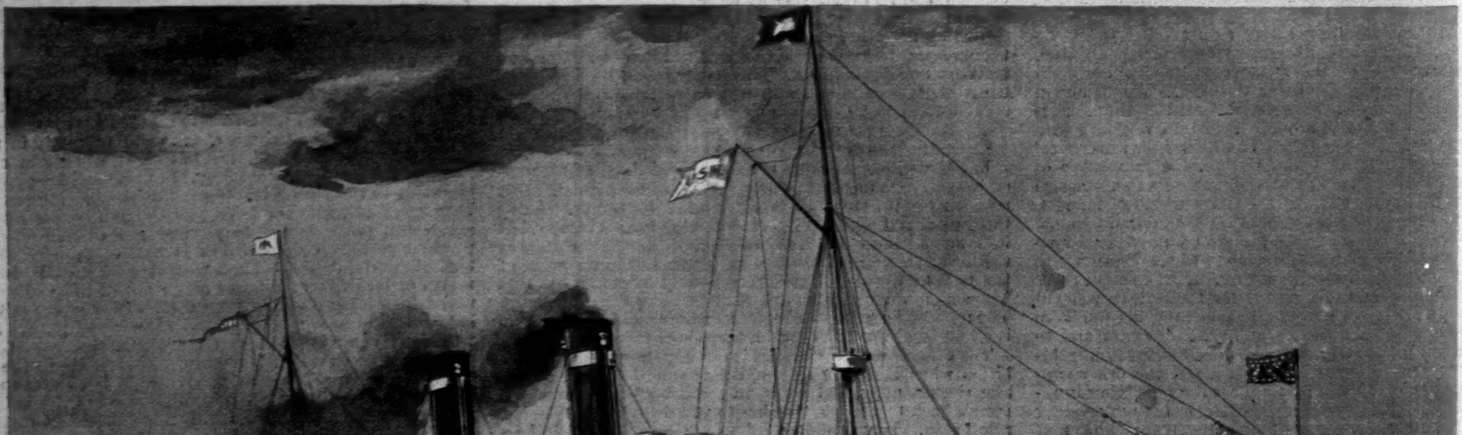
The first-class smoking-room will be on the promenade deck aft, and will be furnished with everything that experience has taught contributes to the comfort of the passengers. These are the largest rooms in the ship, and will themselves be as big as a good-sized ship.

Besides these, there will be a library and a drawing-room, where the ladies and non-smokers may amuse themselves.

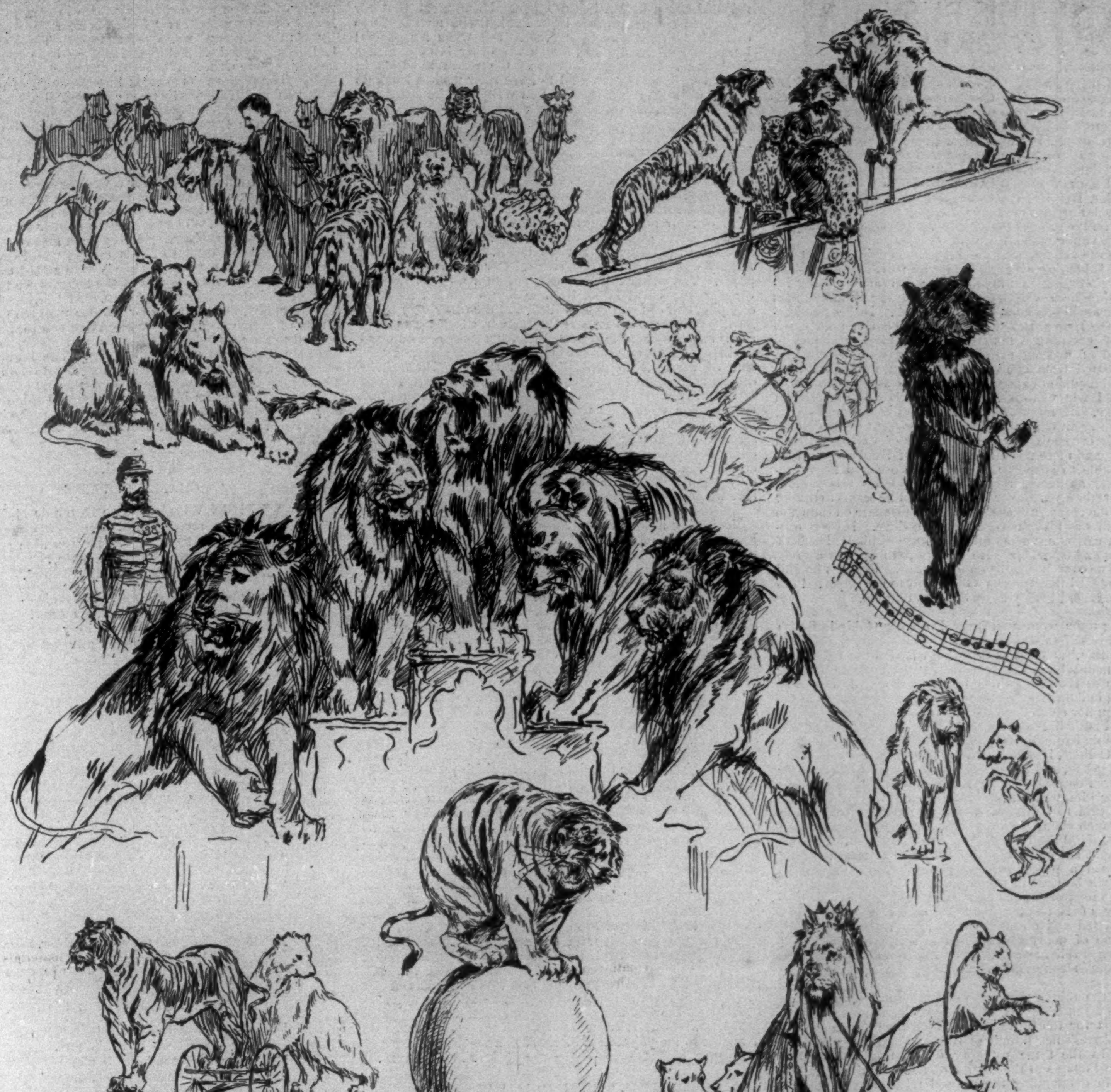
One of the most popular features on the *New York* and *Paris*, the arrangement of suites, consisting of a bedroom, sitting-room, and bath-room, has been elaborated, and there are ten of these on the promenade-deck of these vessels.

These vessels have been specially arranged so as to be readily and quickly convertible into armed cruisers, carrying eight 6-inch rapid-fire guns, and the conditions of the mail contract between the government and the International Navigation Company place at the disposal of the navy these great ships, almost instantly convertible into commerce-destroyers averaging greater performance than the *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*, which, with the three others that are to follow as quickly as the plans can be completed, will practically re-enforce the navy by $21,000,000 worth of ships, and that not only without cost of building, but also without the expense of maintenance and commission in time of peace.

In conclusion it may be said that these ships will be American from truck to keelson. No foreign materials enter into their construction. They are of American model and design, of American material, and are built by American skill and muscle.



THE AMERICAN LINER "ST. LOUIS."—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.
Now Building at the Cramp Ship-Yards.



THE TRAINED ANIMALS AT TATTERSALLS.—Drawn by F. S. Church.—[See Page 1231.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE *Evening Post* having commended Mayor Bancroft, of Cambridge, as a man who had done some things well, a paragraph in this department of the WEEKLY reminded the *Post* that Bancroft in his day had been a Harvard athlete of the highest renown. It was a disgusting coincidence, and one which shows how little consideration the *Post* has for anybody's feelings, that on the day that that issue of the WEEKLY appeared the *Post* should have published a paragraph mentioning Mr. Bancroft's athletic achievements, and quoting him as declaring himself to be "opposed to all intercollegiate games," on the ground that "they detract from the purpose for which young men are sent to college."

The most available retort seems to be to point out that Mr. Bancroft is kicking over the ladder by which he rose. The qualities that made him invaluable to Harvard's rowing interests while he was in college seem to be the same qualities that have made him successful ever since. In his management of the Harvard crew he showed executive ability, the power of grasping a situation, of applying principles to facts, and of making men do what he wanted them to. He graduated from college with a great reputation as a successful captain of Harvard crews, and as a resolute man who could win victories. He studied law, and settled in Cambridge. His reputation there, it is generally understood, was made as an officer of a militia regiment (of which he eventually became colonel), as manager of a street railroad company, and more recently as Mayor of Cambridge. Is it unreasonable to suspect that his hard work and heavy responsibility as manager of Harvard athletics was a more valuable training to Mayor Bancroft than he seems to think? His later development has been in great measure on the same general lines as his athletic labors in college. He was useful as an oarsman, not so much because of his brains as of his brains and character. He has spent in his day a great deal of time over intercollegiate contests. Perhaps he and the *Post* regard that time as wasted, but to the impartial observer his record hardly bears out that opinion.

Writing upon woman suffrage, Professor Goldwin Smith permits himself to doubt the extent of a settled belief in "coeducation," and wants to know what would be said to a young man who in the name of that principle applied for admission at the door of any female college. It is a pity that some independent youth with strong convictions and a sense of humor should not try it. If Captain Waters, of the Harvard Football Team, emulating the example of Achilles, were to pound for admission upon the outer oak of the new Radcliff College, it would be interesting to know whether he would get in, and if not what reasons would be given for denying him entrance. If he got in it would be a salutary retreat for him, where his game leg might get the repose that it is said to need, and where his studies might go on without much change of instructors. Even if he were told that Radcliff did not believe in or covet coeducation, the attempt would not have been in vain, since at least it would have yielded a precedent, and possibly some arguments which might be used in the defence of some coy male college from the approaches of ambitious young females. The University of Rochester, beset by believers in woman's rights, abetted and cheered on by Miss Anthony herself, is only one of many beleaguered institutions that would welcome such relief as a countercharge by some bold young man on some stronghold of femininity would bring them.

One of the things that not even the newspaper readers know is how much the masters of thought and the mistresses of song get for the testimonials which they publish to the merits of Jones's nerve tonic and Jenkins's balm for the complexion. In the same category of information not had belong the facts as to the degree of remuneration which is effectual in overcoming the natural reluctance of popular contemporary writers to have their portraits appended to the newspaper advertisements of their impending stories. Apparently in these days they all submit to it. Dr. Hale, Mr. Howells, Mr. Stockton, Mark Twain, Mrs. Burnett, Miss French—portraits of all of these, and of almost all the rest, have become almost as familiar to the readers of newspaper advertisements as the illustration that gives point to the legend "See that hump!" Whatever the *Evening Post* may say about the impropriety of having one's picture published in such a way, nothing worse is going to be said about it here than that it clearly entitles its victim to special pay over and above what he gets for his literary work. If you hire a man to burn the meeting-house, pay him what the job is worth. But if he is caught, and clapped in the stocks, and put on exhibition before the public as the guilty man, pay him something extra. It is not fair that he should be a spectacle for nothing.

And apropos of advertisements, there was a most amusing column of testimonials in a recent issue of one of the New York Sunday papers. A dozen brief but candid letters avowed the efficacy of a patent remedy for reducing the obesity of fat women. Among the writers were a Mrs. Winthrop, a Miss Van Renssalaer, a Miss Havemeyer, a Mrs. Lorillard, a Mrs. Livingston, and a Miss Golet (*sic*). The letters were dated, some from fashionable hotels, such as the Waldorf, some simply from Fifth Avenue, and one from Newport. Inasmuch as it is incredible that the fat women of New York's moneyed aristocracy should contribute patent-medicine puffs for newspaper publication, the conclusion is all but irresistible that the letters are simply striking specimens of the advertiser's art, and that the names appended to them simply attest the homage paid by business enterprise to fashion.

Mr. Walter Besant knows of these six reasons why women work at men's tasks: Because their intellectual activity will not let them rest at home; because they must earn money somehow; because they want a little more money to spend; because they have taken up a cause; because they want to show that they are as good as men; and because their lives are so deadly dull that they want a change. The only reason of the lot that he commends is the first one. A woman such as George Eliot, he thinks, should have her head, and write, study, or practise anything she will, and be happy in so doing. The second reason—the need of money—seems a fairly good excuse; but he does not commend it, since he thinks that women who have to work for a living miss the life they would prefer, and which he covets for them. All the other reasons he seems to condemn; and yet, if a woman whose life is empty can find a job that interests her, it seems a large sacrifice to demand of her that she shall withhold her hands from it and let it go to some man. There is much reasonableness in Mr. Besant's general argument that for women to compete in the labor market with men tends to detrimental results to both sexes. But when his general law comes to be applied, like many other laws, it makes hard cases. So long, however, as the world abounds in males who are only too glad to have their women folks do all the work they can, it is just as well that the other side should at least have one doughty champion.

Much horror has been excited by the report that this year in Great Britain there have been twenty-three fatal accidents in football games. There have been several deaths in this country from the same cause, which have also excited profound reprobation. It makes a great difference in our sentiments about a violent death whether we are used to the form of it or not. The trolley, steam, and cable cars keep up a constant succession of homicides, but we have grown accustomed to that, and do not mind it. A curious kind of fatality was the subject of a recent letter to a London newspaper. The writer reported that within a week in London three servants had fallen from windows which they were cleaning, two of them being killed, and the other very badly hurt. The letter-writer gave the Registrar-General's return as his authority for the statement that "nearly one hundred deaths occur every year caused by sitting or standing outside of windows to clean or repair them." Besides the deaths, there were, of course, a large number of injuries not fatal from the same cause. It would seem, therefore, that the damage done to British humanity by the boisterous game of football, in which thousands engage, is almost insignificant compared with that due to the humble and unexciting occupation of cleaning windows. The price of modern civilization is high both in lives and in money. It is only when we get a new amusement or a new convenience that we get a realizing sense of what it costs.

Reviewing a book called *Adventures in Mashonaland*, the London *Times* remarks: "The authors relate some appalling lion stories. Once the township and camp of Umtali was fairly 'stuck up'—to use an American phrase—by these animals." "Stuck up" means inflated with pride or vanity. What there was in the propinquity of a lot of lions for the township of Umtali to be stuck up about is something that it will puzzle the American reader to determine. To be encompassed by lions and not eaten is matter for thankfulness rather than pride.

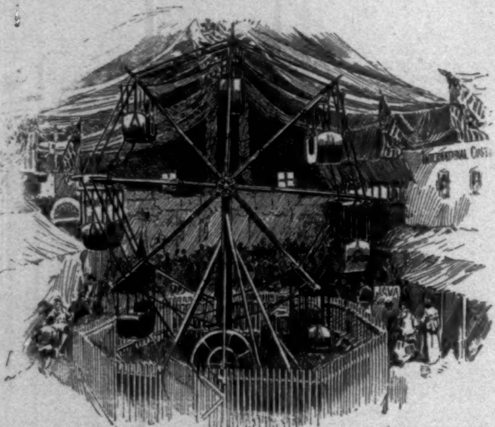
The *Times* is amusing again in a paragraph communicated before election by its American correspondent, wherein the said correspondent sets forth the iniquities of Judge Maynard, who, he says, "in his present judicial position has generally decided all political cases brought before him as Senator Hill desired."

A most interesting development of British paternalism in India is the government's farthing packet of quinine. The average duration of life in India is twenty-four years, as against nearly forty-four years in England. The main cause of the difference is the prevalence in India of malarial fevers. Quinine is the specific for malaria, and the government of India determined thirty years ago to make it cheap and abundant. To that end it established cinchona plantations, which passed through many vicissitudes, and have at length so far succeeded as to make it possible to offer the population of Bengal quinine put up in five-grain doses at one pice (a farthing) a dose. The quinine put up in five-grain packets, stamped with the royal arms, is sold at all the post-offices in Bengal, and the demand for it, increasing month by month, in the month of September reached 120,000 packets. This amount is in addition to what is served out to crowds of fever patients at the village and district dispensaries, and represents, says a correspondent, only a small proportion of the relief which before long will be rendered available to the population of India as a whole.

E. S. MARTIN.

A BURLESQUE MIDWAY.

THE World's Columbian Exposition was expected to produce many beneficial results in this country and the world at large. An evidence that these expectations are being realized is the fact that it has given rise to an entirely novel and exceedingly attractive form of entertainment. The credit for its invention and successful carrying out in the first instance is due to the members of the Detroit Light Infantry, which is the crack military organization of Michigan, comprising companies B and H of the Fourth Infantry, Michigan State Troops.



"On the Midway" was the title given to the entertainment, which consisted in turning the spacious armory of the organization into a miniature Midway Plaisance, and in giving burlesque performances of the shows of its famous prototype. The Cairo Street, the Indian, the Dahoman, and the Javanese villages, the Turkish Theatre and Old Vienna, were among the many attractions presented, and additional interest was given by the fact that all the performers and participants, including even the stalwart Amazons of the "International Costume Exhibit and World's Congress of Beauty," were "local talent," the Detroit Light Infantry not having allowed such slight impediments as sex and race to stand in the way of their resolve to confine the entire management and operation of the exhibition exclusively to members of the organization.

Even the Ferris Wheel was of home manufacture. It stood in the centre of the drill-hall, and had a carrying capacity of sixteen persons, lifting them in turn to the dizzy height of twenty-eight feet from the floor.

"On the Midway" was a great success. The scenic effects had been planned with skill and care, and the draperies and hangings were rich, and had been arranged with much good taste. The performers entered into the spirit of their parts with zest, and if the performance of the Dahomans smacked rather of the minstrel stage than of the jungle, and if the "Pride of the Harem" sang musical hall ditties in a rich barytone voice, they only served to show the powerful effect of American civilization alike on the untutored savage and the effete Oriental.

The exhibition kept open for a week, and resulted in netting a large sum to the organization, in addition to which the receipts of the last evening were divided among four deserving charities. The pictures on page 1220, taken from flash-light photographs, give a very good idea of the general arrangement and design of this militia "Midway." This sort of entertainment is particularly well suited to national-guard organizations throughout the country, and already a host of imitators is springing up. At Cleveland, Cincinnati, Saginaw, and Ann Arbor similar "Midways" are in course of preparation, and promise great fun to the promoters and to the people who go to see them. Everybody either has seen the World's Fair or has not. The beauty of this entertainment is that it appeals forcibly to both classes. Those who have not been will be attracted to the armory "Midways" to get an idea of what the real thing was like, and those who have been to the fair will go to enjoy the take-offs of the sights and scenes with which they are so familiar.

WINNIE.

A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

WHEN Winnie steps out ter de stable
You nnver would know—*'less you knowed*
Dat she had been, sence she was able
Ter reach on tiptoe at the table,
De biggest humbugger dat growed.

'Caze me, I been *riz up* wid Winnie—
I'm talkin' 'bout dat what *I know.*
I'd have ter be wuss 'n a ninny
Ef I could forgit all de shinny
An' chinies* we played long ago.

When she warn't no bigger 'n a minute
I follered 'er roun' like a pup;
We'd sneak ter de creek and wade in it—
She'd tuck up 'er frock, an' I'd pin it,
An' dat's des de way we growed up.

Why, oncet, when she tromped on a briar,
'Way down by de gin-wagon track,
I stepped in de bramble right by 'er,
Wid my foots a-stingin' like fire,
An' toted 'er home on my back.

Of co'se I was des like 'er brother
(I'm fetchin' dis up des fur proofs).
We could o' sot down clost together,
An' pulled out de thorns fur each other,
Excep'n' nair one had front toofs.

An' so she helt on ter my shoulder,
An' talked 'er sweet talk in my ear:
Let on dat she liked me ter hold 'er,
An' all sech as dat, tell I told 'er—
Well, 'tain't no use tellin' it here.

But when we got down ter de open,
Instid o' me cross-cuttin' short,
I tuck de long road, an' it slopin',
An' limped all de way, des a-hopin'
She'd 'preshiate me like she ought.

But after me packin' 'er keerful,
An' settin' 'er down at 'er do',
Instid o' her thankin' me cheerful,
De way she cut up was des fearful.
She slid f'om my back ter de flo',

An' 'fo' I could gether my senses
Dat gal she was dancin' a jig;
She des had been makin' pertences!
An' here I had clumb over fences
Wid her—an' she weighed like a pig.

Of co'se dis was whiles we was chillen,
But when we growed up it was wuss;
De way she'd pervoke me was *killin'*,
Tell sometimes I'd feel like a villain,
An', Lord, but I'd in'ardly cuss!

She'd ax me ter tote 'er pail for 'er,
An' walk by my side, an' she'd laugh,
An' tell me some joy or some sorrer
Dat fretted 'er min'. Den to-morrer
She'd git me ter hol' off de calf

While Pete, a big boy dat I hated,
Would come an' stan' clost by 'er side
An' stiddy de cow, while I waited
'Way off 'crost de yard, so frustrated
Dat some days I purty nigh cried.

Dey wasn't no principle in 'er,
Come down ter sech doin's as dat,
'Caze Pete was a miser'ble sinner,
An' 'cep' I was littler an' thinner,
Some days I'd o' laid 'im out flat!

Well, sir, dat's de way Winnie acted—
She fooled me straight thoo all my life;
An' when she had got me *clair 'stracted*,
Tell *I run at Pete*, an' *got whackted*,
She turned roun', an'—well, she's my wife.

My 'spe'unce wid Peter was bitter,
But sometimes it pays ter git hit;
'Caze Winnie's a curious critter,
An' 'cep' I had resked all ter git 'er,
I'd be holdin' off de calf yit.

RUTH MCENERY STUART.

---

* Marbles.

THE BARBED-WIRE FENCE.

A PROTEST has been started by some one against the barbed-wire fence. It seems to have struck a responsive chord in the American bosom, and country lovers all over the land are joining in the chorus of condemnation of this bristling and bad-tempered barrier. This is certainly an opportune time for such a crusade, while the scars of the summer encounters with the fence are yet fresh, and the torn garments are still hanging about on pegs in sight.

There has, of course, in time past, been something said against the barbed fence; but it has usually been silenced by the serious charge that the objectors were fox-hunters, accustomed to following the frightened aniseseed bag as it dashes away for its burrow. But the time is past when the objectors are confined to fox-hunters or other mounted humorists. Every one who goes away to the country in the summer is almost certain to have a misunderstanding with the barbed-wire fence sooner or later. It is becoming more common every year, and appears to be driving out all other kinds of fences. Improved methods of manufacture are said to be constantly making it cheaper, so it is only natural to apprehend that the face of rural nature will continue to grow more barbed and disagreeable.

It is observed that the agriculturist who erects the barbed-wire fence is not saying much in the present discussion. He has, however, ventured to point out that he is not stringing barbed wire across the public highways—not to any great extent—and that if the summer visitor will stay where he belongs he will have no trouble with barbs. This may be true, but the summer visitor usually likes to wander about outside of the roads, and as he seldom does any harm on such excursions, his right to complain at being compelled five or six times an hour to get down and crawl, while the iron enters his back and picks his summer suit into its original elements, ought not to be questioned. Especially, it seems to us, has the woman country visitor just cause for crying out against the barbed fence.

Some one has said that it is part of the duty of every gentleman to know how properly to adjust a lady on horseback, being able to strike adroitly the happy medium between letting her plump back on the surface of the earth and tossing her over on the other side of the animal.

So, too, it used generally to be expected that every gentleman had some more or less well-defined ideas on the subject of helping a lady over a fence. And this getting an interesting young woman past an old-fashioned fence—a stone wall, let us say, or even a rail fence, or a board fence, or a hedge—was said to be rather pleasant than otherwise, and young men were sometimes charged with seeking rather than avoiding these sorts of barriers when exploring the country with young women. But no one is hardy enough to accuse them of looking for barbed-wire fences on such occasions. Just how gracefully and successfully to thrust a young woman wearing a new summer gown with spinnaker sleeves through a five-wire barbed fence, each wire carrying sixty-five four pointed barbs to the rod, has not yet been explained to the public.

Indeed, if a young man can get himself through such a *cheval-de-frise* he may consider that he is doing remarkably well. We are to be congratulated if, with the shutting down of winter, all of our young men are safely back in town, with none of them still out in the bleak country impaled on barbed-wire fences, shouting for help. In the anti-barbed-wire movement now going on various more or less harrowing instances of wreck are being made public. The tale of a young man from this city who was visiting at Lansing, Michigan, may be taken as a fair sample.

It appears that while he was botanizing with an entertaining young lady the usual barbed-wire fence was encountered. The young man attempted to get through it, his laudable intention being to drag the lady after him if possible; but he became barbed on both the upper and lower wires, and remained suspended in an easy but secure horizontal position. The lady was doing what she could to unravel her escort, when a large bull, apparently with the pure Veragua blood stirring in his veins, came storming up, protesting like a free-silver Senator.

The entertaining young lady fled for assistance, leaving the young man still braided in the fence, alone with his conscience and one large Populist bull. But the bull, enraged though he was at the intrusion on his dominions, had no desire to fool with the wire fence, and perhaps get hung up like the young man; so, after pawing up the turf, gyrating his tail like an electric fan, and holding his nose close to the ground, while he bellowed up in his throat in a way which made the earth tremble, he went away. He had no sooner gone than a spring calf appeared, looked at the man mounted on the wire as if he were a natural-history specimen, listened to his pointed remarks, sniffed at his legs, rubbed his hornless bovine head along on his body, and then determined to try his one remaining sense on him, and laid hold on one of his ears, and began an earnest attempt to ascertain if young man skewered and served on a fence could be recommended as an article of diet for growing calves.

At this point the lady returned with assistance, and the young man from New York was liberated.

The barbed-wire nuisance in the country is certainly becoming serious, and we are glad to see public sentiment becoming aroused on the subject.

LAY HOLD ON HEALTH,

Rapidly being sapped by waning strength and disturbed sleep! How? By that agreeable and wholesome expedient, a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is constantly justifying the faith reposed in it by the invalid world. No fear of it disappointing you. No one troubled with a malarial disorder, dyspepsia, liver complaint, inactivity of the kidneys or bowels should neglect it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A DOLLAR SAVED, TWO EARNED.

THESE ARE STATEMENTS WHICH 80,000 PRUDENT PEOPLE HAVE SUBSTANTIATED.

Now that all are looking for the best plan to make a dollar do the work of two, there is one great institution in the metropolis which meets the people half way. It has 80,000 members who are satisfied that the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association furnishes life insurance at about one-half the rates charged by companies run under the old-fogy, "back-number" systems.

The Mutual Reserve's interest income annually exceeds $130,000. Its reserve fund November 13, 1893, was $3,554,326; it has paid death claims amounting to $17,341,563; new business in 1892 exceeded $60,000,000; for eleven months of this year has been over $53,243,000, and the insurance in force exceeds $250,000,000.

With this marvellous showing as a result of less than thirteen years' effort by President Edward B. Harper and his able official coadjutors, is it any wonder that new policies are largely increasing, more especially at this holiday season, when it is quite the proper thing to give a life insurance policy as a substantial token of affection and good will, especially when it can be had at such low figures as the Mutual Reserve offers.

And safe? The receipts on the last mortuary call were $533,598.98, and the cash and invested reserve surplus is nearly $3,555,000. The tables contained in the auditors' report, just issued, prove all these statements, and show that this reserve is in gilt-edge securities.

It is a proud moment for the Mutual Reserve, when, about to move into its stately new home, it points to more than $35,000,000 saved to its members by reducing the premium rates charged to members to harmonize with the payments to the widows and orphans for death claims. No other institution can show so grand a record of success at such slight cost to members.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

TOO MANY

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world, accompanied with photographs of beautiful babies. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crême Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris, PARK & TILFORD, New York. Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

LITTLE GIRL (after waiting some time for dessert)—"Grandpa, what do you have after dinner?"
Grandpa—"Dyspepsia, my dear."
Little Girl—"Oh, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS will cure that."—[*Adv.*]

PHILLIPS' DIGESTIBLE COCOA

makes a very delicious and nourishing drink. It is particularly adapted for persons of weak digestion.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

HAPPY HOMES MAKE HAPPY HEARTS, and home games are magnets to the family circle. Buy the popular game HALMA, for sale everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

MAGNETIC JACK STRAWS FOR CHILDREN. For sale everywhere. By mail, thirty cents. E. I. Horsman M'f'r., 341 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

FUN for the children. Buy the popular game HALMA. E. I. Horsman M'f'r., 341 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are BROWN'S VERMIFUGE COMFITS, 25 cents a box.—[*Adv.*]

THE MOST POPULAR GAME for Christmas is HALMA, and is for sale everywhere.—[*Adv.*]

No buffet should be without Dr. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the great appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

H. C. CURTIS & CO'S
Trufant
TRADE MARK
25¢
BEST AWARD
WORLD'S
FAIR
FACTORIES TROY N.Y.
LINEN LINED

Looking Better

feeling better—better in every-way. There's more consolation in that than well people stop to ponder. To get back flesh and spirits is everything.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

Scott's Emulsion will do more than to stop a lingering Cough—it fortifies the system AGAINST *coughs and colds.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

Arnold
Constable & Co
Paris and London
COSTUMES

To close out the balance of this season's importations, ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO. will offer the remaining stock of imported and pattern suits at ONE-THIRD LESS THAN COST.

Broadway & 19th st.
NEW YORK CITY.

New Life, New Vigor

Experienced by all who have had occasion to use

VIN MARIANI

This Popular French Tonic-Stimulant is Invariably Agreeable and Efficacious,

STRENGTHENS, REFRESHES, RESTORES
THE VITAL FORCES.

When overworked, and for body or mental fatigue, nothing equals "VIN MARIANI" for immediate and lasting beneficial effect.

This assertion is based on

WRITTEN ENDORSEMENTS

from over 7,000 eminent Physicians and continued use over 30 years, in Hospitals, Public and Religious Institutions everywhere.

AT DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

For Illustrated Book with Portraits and Autographs of Celebrities, address:

Mariani & Co., New York.

THE BEST MUSLIN FOR SHIRTS.
PRIDE OF THE WEST

FINE AS LINEN, SOFT AS SILK.

ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

AGENTS WANTED—The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1664, Portland, Maine.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

ITALIAN GARDENS. By CHARLES A. PLATT. With Many Illustrations, including a Colored Frontispiece (printed in Paris). 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00. (*In a Box.*)

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES OF GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Vol. I. Orations and Addresses on the Principles and Character of American Institutions and the Duties of American Citizens, 1856–1891. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $3 50. (*Other volumes in press.*)

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN. Volume III. Illustrated Edition. With Colored Plates, Maps, and Numerous Illustrations. Royal 8vo, Illuminated Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $5 00. (*Volume IV. in press.*)

THE RULERS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Author of "The West from a Car-Window," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow. A Matter-of-fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. With Photogravure Portrait, and 550 Illustrations from Drawings by WILLIAM MARTIN JOHNSON. Two volumes. 8vo, Illuminated Silk, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

THE MASTERS AND MASTERPIECES OF ENGRAVING. By WILLIS O. CHAPIN. Illustrated with Sixty Engravings and Heliogravures. 8vo, Ornamental Leather, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $10 00. (*In a Box.*)

LETTERS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. With Three Photogravure Portraits. Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $8 00; Three-quarter Calf, $12 50. (*In a Box.*)

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" FOR 1893. Vol. XIV. With about 800 Illustrations and 904 pages. 4to, Cloth, Ornamental, $3 50.

THE CHRIST-CHILD IN ART. A Study of Interpretation. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4 00.

THE COAST OF BOHEMIA. A Novel. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 50.

RIDERS OF MANY LANDS. By THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE, Brevet Lieutenant-colonel U.S. Army. Illustrated with Numerous Drawings by FREDERIC REMINGTON, and from Photographs of Oriental Subjects. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4 00.

A MOTTO CHANGED. A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00.

A REFERENDUM TO BEN-HUR. A Referendum for the Illustrations in the Garfield Edition of General Lew. Wallace's Novel, "Ben-Hur." Prepared by PAUL VAN DYKE. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE MATE OF THE "MARY ANN." By SOPHIE SWETT, Author of "Flying Hill Farm," etc. Illustrated. Post 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 25. (In "Harper's Young People Series.")

AS WE GO. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With Portrait and Illustrations. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $1 00. (In "Harper's American Essayists.")

THE PRINCE OF INDIA; Or, Why Constantinople Fell. By LEW. WALLACE, Author of "Ben-Hur," "The Boyhood of Christ," etc. 2 Volumes. 16mo, Cloth, Ornamental, $2 50; Half Leather, $4 00; Three-Quarter Leather, $5 00; Three-Quarter Calf, $6 00; Three-Quarter Crushed Levant, $8 00. (*In a Box.*)

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The above works are for sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of price. HARPER'S CATALOGUE *will be sent to any address on receipt of Ten Cents in stamps.*

VALUE OF AN ATHLETIC TRAINING.

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ONE of the many strong points in General Francis Walker's admirable Harvard address was the stress he laid upon the immense benefit conferred by the practice of athletics, whether in football, baseball, rowing, or on the track, on college students (and of course on boys and young men generally) who do not stand in the first rank as champions. No persons are more benefited by athletic sports than those men who never attain to the first rank in them; who may try for a class crew, a class eleven, or a class nine, but who do not get on save possibly in an emergency as a substitute; and who, when they take part in running or jumping, wrestling or boxing contests, now and then win a trial, but hardly ever a final, heat.

General Walker's address is good reading just at this time, in view of the noisy crusade which is being carried on against athletic sports generally, and football in particular. Most sane persons are agreed as to the great good conferred by these sports, both upon the average man taking part in them and upon the community at large. Very emphatically, we do not approve of brutality of any kind. We firmly believe, for instance, that the present football rules should be amended in two or three important points, so as to reduce the danger in the game. Moreover, we believe that the students themselves, and if they refuse, then the graduates and the faculties of the different colleges, should insist upon the umpires putting a peremptory stop to any kind of slugging or kindred brutality in the game. Any man who has had experience in umpiring a game like polo, for instance, is able to guarantee that a resolute umpire can immediately stop reckless and brutal playing, or the efforts of a player to damage an opponent, by the simple exercise of wise and prompt severity, ruling the offender off the field at once, and penalizing heavily the side on whose behalf the offence is committed. In the same way there is no difficulty whatever in making athletes study. All faculties should insist upon the students who take part in athletic games not neglecting their studies, and if there is any tendency toward this neglect, it is perfectly simple to stop it immediately by refusing to allow a man to play on an eleven if he does not reach a certain standard in his marks.

However, while thus utterly opposed to certain of the tendencies that have crept into our athletics, and notably into the game of football, we are equally emphatic in our belief that these sports are good things for the men taking part in them, and for our people generally, and that in particular it would be a real misfortune to lose the game of football. Much of the feeling against this game, and against athletics too, has been stirred up by the persistent and very foolish attacks upon them made by various newspapers, the *Evening Post* being the chief, and, on the whole, the least rational, offender. Such attacks as those in the *Post* are in part due to ignorance, and in part to the fact that some persons, who are by nature timid, shrink from the exercise of manly and robust qualities if there is any chance of its being accompanied by physical pain. Tney are also due in part to that striving after sensationalism, that spirit of "breezy, enterprising journalism," which is so unwholesome a characteristic of a portion of our press.

It is perfectly true that our young men should not go to college merely to get their bodies trained, but it is also true that they should not go there merely to get their intellects trained. Far above bodily strength, far above mere learning, comes character. No soundness of body and limb, no excellence of mental training—admirable though each of these is—can atone for the lack of what in old-fashioned phrase would be called the virtues: for the lack of courage, of honesty, of self-control, of temperance, of steadfast resolution, of readiness to stand up for one's rights, and carefulness not to infringe on the rights of others. Now of course many of these qualities are not conferred by athletic exercises any more than they are conferred by the study of Latin or Greek; but there are others which certain courses of study do tend to bring out, and yet others which are most undoubtedly strengthened and developed by the demands made upon them in playing the rougher and manlier sports, especially out-door sports. In a perfectly peaceful and commercial civilization such as ours there is always a danger of laying too little stress upon the more virile virtues—upon the virtues which go to make up a race of statesmen and soldiers, of pioneers and explorers by land and sea, of bridge-builders and road-makers, of commonwealth-builders—in short, upon those virtues for the lack of which, whether in an individual or in a nation, no amount of refinement and learning, of gentleness and culture, can possibly atone. These are the very qualities which are fostered by vigorous, manly out-of-door sports, such as mountaineering, big-game hunting, riding, shooting, rowing, football, and kindred games.

Of course if these sports are carried to an excess they do harm, exactly as excessive study or excessive devotion to business does harm; and equally, of course, they are beneficial very largely in proportion to the extent to which they are followed and shared in by the classes of our population which most feel their need. Professional sports are of small consequence, and, in so far as they have any consequence at all, are good merely in that they excite those who look on and admire the performances to try to take part in similar ones of their own. It is a good thing that the young merchant or lawyer, young bank clerk or dry-goods clerk, should belong to a local baseball nine, and should have a chance now and then for an hour or two's brisk exercise. This will give tone both to his body and his mind, and will offset the evil consequences of a merely sedentary occupation. But the only good resulting from seeing a battle between two paid professional nines is the emulation excited in the minds of the younger portion of the onlookers to try their own hands at the bat.

The great development and wide diffusion and practice of athletic exercises among our people during the last quarter of a century (this diffusion taking place precisely among those classes where the need of it was greatest) has been a very distinct advantage to our national type. Only the other day Mr. John Burroughs, in speaking upon this very point, dwelt upon the improved physique of the young American of the present day as compared with his predecessor of twenty-five years back. This is as it should be. It would be an ill thing for this republic if we developed on the lines of the Byzantine and Bengalese; if our mercantile men learned nothing but how to make money, and our lawyers, students, and men of trained intellects generally, grew to unite "the heads of professors with the hearts of hares."

Turn for a moment to the colleges, and especially to the college of the ordinary type, where men are taught the classics, mathematics, etc., rather than to the purely professional schools for lawyers, doctors, and civil engineers. It is rather amusing to see athletics objected to on what are in part the same grounds as those held by the people who object to collegiate education in toto—on the theory that it is not fitted to make men succeed better in after-life. As a matter of fact, only a limited number of the men who study classics and mathematics, philosophy, history, and modern languages, in our undergraduate academic departments, ever have the chance in after-life to turn the knowledge thus acquired to their own direct pecuniary advantage. Yet who can measure the inestimable benefit these studies confer? The average graduate makes no more use in his regular business of Latin and Greek than of football or rowing. The exceptions to this are of course those men who intend to become specialists in some branch of study, and pass a life as students of history, literature, or science, of Greek or Latin, or as professors and school-teachers. Of course, to these men the knowledge gained in college is of direct pecuniary benefit, while whatever they did in athletic sports might not be, though even for these men the benefit resulting from athletic sports would be very great. Exactly as Parkman could not possibly have written history as he did had he not been himself fond of and familiar with the wild life he portrayed, so, apart from the benefit to the health of the professor or school-teacher who has taken part in athletic work and appreciates its importance, there is also a very real benefit to those who come under him. Other things being equal, boys will be taught best by and will receive most benefit from their intercourse with professors and principals at schools and at colleges who in addition to being students are also men who have a hearty love for life, who are strong as well as gentle, and brave and tender and honest as well as learned.

For the great bulk of the boys in college, then, there is almost as little direct pecuniary benefit to be obtained from the lectures and recitations as from the sports. The effect to be looked for is the indirect effect upon the boy's character. Most assuredly he should be made to study well, and should be turned out of college if he won't study. He should be made as familiar as possible with the great literatures—the Greek and the English, or, if his tastes lie that way, with the lesser literatures, such as the Latin, the Italian, the French, the Spanish, or the German. He should be taught the histories of the great peoples—the Romans, for instance, and the men of English stock who have risen to the foremost places for the deeds they have done in conquest and in government, in politics, in war, and in jurisprudence. Every effort should be made to develop the intellectual side of the boy's character. No one can more strenuously insist upon this than we do. But we believe also that we should try to develop the boy's body, and, above all, should try to develop the simple but all-essential traits which go to make up manliness.

Even if we look at the question only from the stand-point of the student it is probable that there is no just ground for the complaints against athletics. Investigation of the records made by athletes at Harvard a few years ago disclosed the fact that their average standing was above that of the rest of the class. My own observation leads me to believe that this will hold true as a general rule; for though athletes may stand below the hard-working men who know nothing but study, they usually stand well above the men of vicious or fibreless character, who naturally fall to the foot of the class.

If, on the other hand, we adopt the standpoint of the man who looks to the results in after-life, the athlete appears to even better advantage. The men who take part in vigorous sports, whether they attain to the first rank, or merely stand among those who get no particular honor at the time, but have nearly as much fun and just as much ultimate benefit, are apt in after-life to do rather better in the rough work of the world than those of their fellows who had no taste for athletic work. Of course there are exceptions to this, and it does not apply at all to those who follow sport for their business.

One very great benefit of athletic sports arises from their tendency to minimize dissipation. They have been very potent allies in the fight against debauchery. Another good thing is that they tend to lessen the importance of the merely social clubs, and of "popular" leaders in the different colleges. If the victorious athlete sometimes eclipses the glory that rightfully belongs to the hard student, it is yet true, on the other hand, that he also throws into the shade the old-time college hero who strove to obtain leadership by his wealth, his social position, or his prominence in fast life. This is, of course, an unadulterated benefit, especially to the boy's after-career. Looking over the men whom I knew in my day at college, it is noteworthy that those who then were leaders in athletic sports, now, twelve or fifteen years afterwards, stand on the average above rather than below their fellows who did not take part in manly exercises; just exactly as on the average the men who stood well in their studies then now occupy a position, as a rule, rather better than that of those who did not. There are many exceptions to both rules, of course, and it is a very melancholy thing to see a man who in middle life rests his sole title to consideration upon the fact that he was once a member of a university team, or was once a man who was marked highest in his Latin courses; but these are exceptions only, and they are not much more exceptional among the athletes than among the hard students. To take the sports which it is at present the fashion most to decry, football and rowing, among my friends I happen to number several ex-captains of football teams and of crews, and they are, as a whole, decidedly above, not below, the ordinary standard of college graduates; they are men who do their duty well, both to the State and to their own families—men who are, in short, good American citizens.

Of course there is a real danger just at present in the exaggerated regard felt by the public generally for the athletic hero of the moment. The captain of a successful football team or a winning crew is in danger of having his head turned. The year after graduation is rather a hard one for a young fellow, who may be a very decent young fellow, but who, because he happens to have been captain of a winning team, has shared newspaper prominence with Senators and members of the President's cabinet. He has got to drop, and drop hard, before he becomes of any use in the world; and having the "tuck" taken out of him will not prove pleasant—it never does prove pleasant. If in this process he succumbs, and if he does nothing in later life, and lives on the memories of the past, and fails to realize that an admirable exercise for a boy must under no circumstances be made the main business of a man, why, then he becomes a mere useless cumberer of the world's surface, and the sooner he is removed the better. Ordinarily, however, he goes through the disagreeable process all right, although with more or less discomfort to himself and to his friends, and comes out at the end a better man than if he had never had the experience.

Athletic sports, then, are of great benefit not only to the student as a student, but to the college graduate who wants to play a man's part in life; provided, always, that he does not fall into the foolish mistake of confounding that healthful play which best fits a man for serious work with the serious work itself. He will do well to keep in mind the career of Washington, who was a devoted fox-hunter, and whose fox-hunting doubtless helped to make him a good general in after-life, but who never for a moment sought to carry on fox-hunting to the damage of any serious business, whether of war, of politics, or of his private affairs.

Granting that athletic sports do good, it remains to be considered what athletic sports are the best. The answer to this is obvious. They are those sports which call for the greatest exercise of fine moral qualities, such as resolution, courage, endurance, and capacity to hold one's own and to stand up under punishment. For this reason out-of-door sports are better than gymnastics and calisthenics. To be really beneficial the sport must be enjoyed by the participator. Much more health will be gained by the man who is not always thinking of his health than by the poor being who is forever wondering whether he has helped his stomach or his lungs, or developed this or that muscle. Laborious work in the gymnasium, directed towards the fulfilling of certain tests of skill or strength, is very good in its way; but the man who goes through it does not begin to get the good he would in a season's play with an eleven or a nine on the gridiron field or the diamond. The mere fact that the moral qualities are not needed in the one case, but are all the time called into play in the other, is sufficient to show the little worth of the calisthenic system of gymnastic development when compared with rough out-door games. The other day there was published in the papers a list of the twenty-five strongest men in Harvard, as shown by tests used in the gymnasium, together with a casual mention of the fact that not one of the crew or the football eleven was included in these twenty-five. This fact, if true, was sufficient to destroy much of the value of such a table. There is little point in the mere development of strength. The point lies in developing a man who can do something with his strength; who not only has the skill to turn his muscles to advantage, but the heart and the head to direct that skill, and to direct it well and fearlessly. Gymnastics and calisthenics are very well in their way as substitutes when nothing better can be obtained, but the true sports for a manly race are sports like running, rowing, playing football and baseball, boxing and wrestling, shooting, riding, and mountain-climbing.

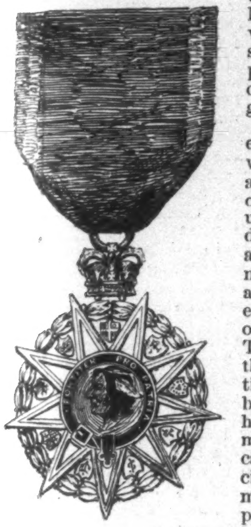
Of all these sports there is no better sport than football. A particularly silly argument advanced against it is that put forward by various people, including, to their discredit, some medical men, to the effect that it is not "Greek." These estimable gentlemen apparently think that the Greek athletes resembled the marble statues we now see of them, even to the extent of not winning their victories by blood and sweat, as all mere human beings must win them. If these gentlemen would study the Greek games, including the chariot races and the *pankration*, and then with equal disinterestedness study those of our modern American colleges, they could not help coming to the conclusion that the latter are immeasurably ahead of the former not only in the qualities of manliness and fair play, but especially in those of courtesy and generosity to the vanquished. As for the chatter about our football games being like the Roman gladiatorial shows, it is not worth discussion.

But in closing I wish to say one word very seriously to the men who have influence in athletic sports, and who share my belief in them. What I have to say with reference to all sports refers especially to football. The brutality must be done away with and the danger minimized. If necessary the college faculties must take a hand, and those of the different colleges must co-operate. The rules for football ought probably to be altered so as to do away with the present mass play, and, I think, also the present system of interference, while the umpires must be made to prevent slugging or any kind of foul play by the severest penalties. Moreover, professionalism must be stopped outright. It should be distinctly understood among the academies and colleges that no team will have anything to do with another upon which professionals are employed. If it be true that one of the Exeter teams of schoolboys has played this year with three professionals, grown men, admitted to the school for the sole purpose of playing football, then this team and academy should be cut off from all athletic intercourse with every other team and academy, and any games that have been won with these professionals on the team should in the record be declared forfeited to the other side. This is not the place in which to go into the minutiæ of changing the rules so as to do away with brutality, foul play, and professionalism, but every honest believer in manly sport must make war on them without ceasing.

One final word as to the element of danger. By the methods above spoken of this element of danger will be minimized, but that it will always obtain to a slight extent cannot be denied. There are very few sports, indeed, where it does not exist. Under a proper system of rules it is doubtful whether football is as dangerous as mountaineering or as the better kinds of sport on horseback, such as riding across country and playing polo. No untrained boy or man unfit to take part in the game and unacquainted with the rules should be allowed to play. If he does he is liable to meet with fatal accidents, precisely as a man would be who, with no knowledge of horsemanship, mounted a spirited horse and tried to ride him over fences. But after every precaution has been taken, then it is mere unmanliness to complain of occasional mishaps. Among my many friends who have played football I know of few who have met with serious, and none who have met with fatal, accidents; but more than one has been killed, and many have been injured, in riding to hounds, in polo, and in kindred pastimes. The sports especially dear to a vigorous and manly nation are always those in which there is a certain slight element of risk. Every effort should be made to minimize this risk, but it is mere unmanly folly to try to do away with the sport because the risk exists.

THE SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL WARS.

PEOPLE are very familiar with American family names that are associated with early American history and the so-called colonial times, but these names are generally those that came into prominence during the war of the Revolution or immediately preceding or following it. Of the earlier struggles of our forefathers against the French and Indians not so much is known, and few attempts have been made to preserve facts or commemorate deeds that contributed largely to American freedom, and whose records must exist in some measure or form in the possession of the descendants of the settlers of the nine original colonies.



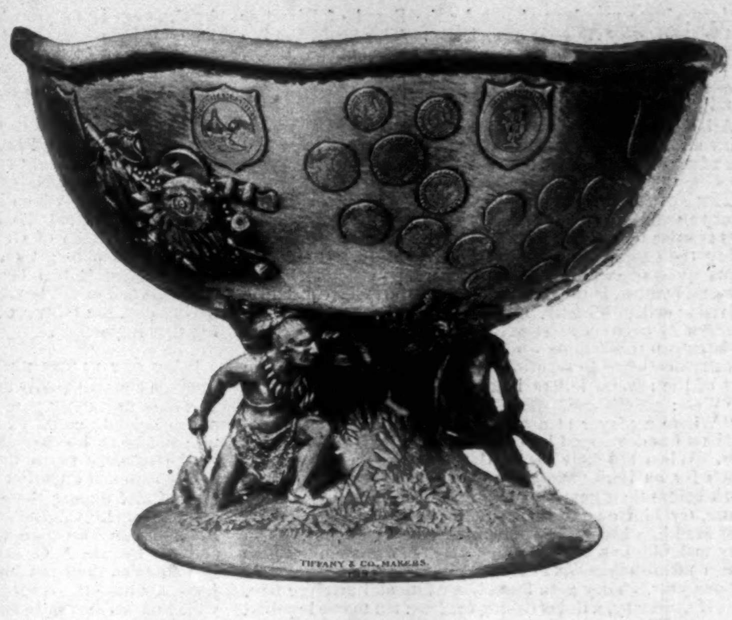
The purpose of the "Society of Colonial Wars," which was incorporated a year or so ago under the laws of the State of New York, is to "perpetuate the names, memory, or deeds of those brave and courageous men who in military, naval, or civil service, by their acts or counsel, assisted in the establishment and continuance of the American colonies." This is a short extract from the preamble to the constitution of the society. The membership is to be handed down henceforward in the line of male descendants, as in the case of the Order of the Cincinnati. The eligibility to membership is based upon the proved descent from an ancestor (here again quoting from the constitution) "who fought in battle with the Indians under colonial authority, or who served as a military, naval, or marine officer, soldier, sailor, or privateer in the forces of the colonies, or under the banner of Great Britain in America," from the time of the settlement of Jamestown, May 13, 1607, to the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775.

Similar societies have been formed in the States of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and in the District of Columbia. One is also about to be organized in New Jersey.

The New York society has over three hundred members, and the present officers are: Governor, Frederick J. de Peyster; Deputy Governor-General, James M. Varnum; Lieutenant-Governor, S. Victor Constant; Treasurer, Howland Pell; Chaplain, the Rev. Alexander Hamilton; Registrar, Fred. E. Haight.

On the 19th of December the society held its first annual dinner. This day is the anniversary of the great Swamp fight in the Indian war against King Philip. On this occasion a massive punch-bowl (by Tiffany & Co.) was used, that for combined beauty of workmanship and historical interest is perhaps the most remarkable one in the world. Mounted about the sides of the bowl, apparently scattered over it, is a wonderful collection of genuine old colonial silver coins, obtained after much difficulty and cost. Twenty-three silver ones are on the bowl, and one gold one in the bowl of the ladle. The collection contains specimens of most of the English, Dutch, and Spanish coins that circulated in the colonies from Henry VIII., in 1509, down to George III. in 1760; the coins are mounted in chronological order. The flag of the society is the red cross of St. George on a white ground, and on the centre of the cross are emblazoned the arms of the New Netherlands.

JAMES BARNES.



SILVER PUNCH-BOWL OF THE SOCIETY OF THE COLONIAL WARS.

THE BOOM AS A BOOMERANG.

THERE is scarcely a neighborhood in the United States that has not suffered in some degree from the effects of one kind of boom or another. The touch of the boomer is nearly always fatal, and evidences of his handiwork may be seen far and near. For twenty years past the West and the South have been the favorite fields in which he has done his conscienceless work—his work of destruction. The booms in the South, to use the language of the boomers themselves, have pretty nearly all "petered out," and this is true also, though to a less extent, of the West. A section once under the influence of the boomers is retarded of at least twenty years of healthful growth and progress, and no one knows this so well as the people who have lived in such a neighborhood before, during, and after the reign of the boomers. The boomer's effect on the industries and land values of a neighborhood is very like the effects of liquor on a weak man. Stimulated by the spirits he has consumed, a weak man can for a little while do things before impossible to him, but this fictitious ability and strength last only a very short time, and then the poor weakling sinks into a collapse utter and pitiful. The boom of the boomer is very like the strength that depends on cocktails—it lasts a very little while, and is dangerous out of all proportion to its capacity for even temporary good. The farmers in the West who clutch wildly at all manner of financial and governmental theories in the hope of extricating themselves from debt are victims of the boomers. They were all rich once upon a time on paper; now with broken spirits and mortgaged farms they are poor indeed. When the boomer comes your way with promises of fortune in the week next but one, turn him away as though he were the Evil One. To listen to one of this tribe is almost the same as to be lost.

The most recent instance of undue booming was in Chicago, and the consequences are awfully sad and painful. Chicago has always been the most congenial home of the boomer and his boon companion, the hustler. But Chicago has grown great and rich despite of these. The World's Fair gave the boomer an opportunity that he did not fail to take advantage of. Everything that could or could not be affected by the fair in Chicago was boomed beyond all reason. The splendid fair was held, but not one boomer in a thousand realized his expectations. This great percentage of disaster was no doubt increased by the money stringency and commercial distress that were felt all over the country. There is great distress to-day in New York and Philadelphia and Boston among the poor and unemployed. But this is nothing as compared with the condition of affairs in Chicago, where the City Hall itself is nightly turned into a lodging-house for homeless wanderers. Men, and women too, from various sections were encouraged to go to Chicago by the boomers, and a very great many of such people are there to-day, houseless, starving. Chicago will be paying the bills for this great boom for twenty years, and the tax-payers and other citizens there will probably realize long before the bills are finally settled that the boom is only successful as a boomerang.

AMATEVR - SPORT

THE HISTORY OF SOUTHERN AND WESTERN FOOTBALL for 1893 records a remarkable improvement and a spirit of play that is very gratifying. It has been a trying year, for the introduction of flying or momentum plays made possible a great deal of unnecessary roughness where the disposition and opportunity were coincident. Out of nearly a hundred letters I have received since the close of the season, from every section of the United States, the report is almost unanimous that while the momentum plays have been hard on the men, the number of accidents were much fewer than what would have been expected, the spirit of the men exceedingly sportsmanlike, and their game notably free from slugging.

THERE IS CONSIDERABLE DIMINUTION in roughing throughout the country, although too much of it yet remains in the West, and more particularly in the central West. There is no excuse whatever for slugging if colleges will insist on strict umpiring. In the South there is not the tendency to slug that seems to prevail in parts of the middle West. The reports, however, considered as a whole, confirm my statement, that there is a very decided decrease in this unpleasant feature of the game. We have seen here in the East how strict umpiring can reduce slugging to a minimum, even where the opposing teams are in the heat of an unusually bitter contest. Unfortunately, it is true that the newspaper reporters do very great harm in spreading sensational accounts of rough play in a game. The average reporter apparently is ever on the scent for a slugging episode, and seizes upon the slightest excuse to weave a gory paragraph for his readers. There is not nearly so much slugging as the public is led to believe; and it is well known that in our large games, as, for instance, between Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, slugging is a most unusual occurrence.

This winter, when football men meet in New York to talk over new rules, an urgent demand will be made that umpires be empowered to rule any man who slugs off the field. These are matters to which the West and South must likewise give their attention.

PROBABLY IN NO PLACE IN THE WEST has football developed to such an extent, both in the skill of the game and in its popularity among the people, as in the Missouri Valley. Notwithstanding the very raw and chilly afternoon, six thousand spectators watched the Thanksgiving-day game at Kansas City between the elevens of the University of Kansas and the University of Missouri, while another large crowd saw the University of Iowa and the University of Nebraska play at Omaha, Nebraska. Never in either of the cities had there been such an attendance or such a demonstration of college enthusiasm.

This immediate section is formed into the Western College Association, which comprises the universities of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, and Nebraska. Missouri won the game from Kansas, 12–4, and Nebraska won from Iowa, 20–18. Thus Kansas and Missouri are tied for the pennant, with two games won and one lost each, while Iowa and Nebraska are tied for third place, with two defeats and one victory each. Last year Kansas won the championship, with Nebraska, Missouri, and Iowa following in the order named.

THE RECORD OF THE SEASON with these colleges is not a little curious, for it shows that Kansas won from Iowa and Nebraska and lost to Missouri, while Missouri won from Kansas and Nebraska and lost to Iowa; and Iowa won from Missouri, but was defeated by Kansas and Nebraska, Nebraska losing to Kansas and Missouri and winning from Iowa. Not only did these two Thanksgiving-day games demonstrate to what extent the game has been popularized in this section of the country, but the work of all the teams showed a decided improvement over that of last year. It was modern football on Thanksgiving, even to some of the flying plays. The training, too, has been vastly improved this year, and the men have entered contests in much better physical condition. Last season all the teams lined up slowly and put the ball in play in the same manner, the tackling was high in most instances, and the interference ragged and ineffective, individual games being the order of the day. This year, however, the men have lined up quickly, and played fast and snappy ball from start to finish. In tackling, falling on the ball, interference and breaking it up, and in general team-work the play of the elevens, generally speaking, was far superior on Thanksgiving day to any that had ever been seen in that section of the country.

THIS IMPROVEMENT IS DUE almost entirely to competent coaching, and unquestionably we shall see a still greater advance next year, for captains no longer are obliged to depend on green material. There is but one blot on this Western Association's season, which is that both Missouri and Nebraska have played their coach in their championship games. I understand that it is strictly against the constitution of this Western Association, and certainly it is in direct disobedience of all amateur associations of which I know anything. The precise wording of the Western rule states: "No professional athlete shall take part in any contest of this Association, nor shall any player of any university be paid or receive, directly or indirectly, any money or financial concession or emolument as present or past compensation for or as prior consideration or inducement to playing," etc. Kansas protested the playing of the Nebraska and Missouri coaches, both of whom made affidavits that they were "paid for coaching" and not "paid for playing," and Nebraska and Missouri played them despite the decision of the Association's executive that they were ineligible. The course of these two universities is reprehensible to a degree, and at variance with all canons of amateur sport. It is, moreover, an absurdly puerile argument to claim the coaches eligible because they are paid for coaching and not for playing. It makes no difference for *what* they are paid; they *are* paid, and that makes them professional, and ineligible to amateur teams.

An amateur athlete is one who receives no pecuniary gain, directly or indirectly, from athletics. It is to be hoped that next season the officers of the Western Association will see that its laws are respected. If Nebraska and Missouri cannot be governed, Kansas and Iowa should refuse to play them. The meeting at Kansas City, December 30th, should settle this matter definitely and permanently. Western football cannot afford to tolerate this professionalism in two of its representative colleges.

Although Missouri on Thanksgiving won from Kansas, the latter played steadier and made fewer fumbles. The secret of Missouri's success may be said to depend upon their very strong offensive work in mass plays, and their hard, sure tackling. Their interference around the end was much better than that of Kansas, the backs following it well, and many gains were made in this way. At the end of the second half Missouri was within two feet of the Kansas goal-line, and would surely have scored another touch-down in their next play.

INDIVIDUALLY, THE KANSAS ELEVEN is very likely the stronger, but its team-work was vastly inferior to that of Missouri. In fact, Missouri forced the fight from the beginning and kept at it to the end. In the second half her goal-line was never in danger. The Kansas backs were considered better all-round men than the Missouri backs, but they failed to make such gains as the men behind Missouri's line, because they did not get so good interference. Kansas was somewhat handicapped by the loss of their regular quarter-back.

The record of this Association shows:

Kansas-Iowa, 35–24; Missouri-Nebraska, 30–18; Kansas-Nebraska, 18–0; Iowa-Missouri, 34–12; Nebraska-Iowa, 20–18; Missouri-Kansas, 12–4.

The Baker University eleven, although not a member of the Association, has achieved this season what none of the others have—defeating the Denver Athletic Club team, score, 32–0. Some idea of the excellence of this performance may be gained by a few words about the Denver team.

It went into training on the 1st of September, with T. R. Field (ex-Yale) as captain, and Messrs. Cash of Princeton and Mills of Yale, coaching. Among its players have been F. S. Spaulding (Princeton), Frank Adams (University of Pennsylvania), J. S. Fillmore (Harvard), John Bohn (Cornell), W. H. Blackburn (University of Wisconsin), Wagner of Cornell, the other members having gained their experience at less-notable places. They defeated

University of Boulder (twice), 14–0, and 36–4; University of Iowa, 58–0; University of Missouri, 40–0; University of Kansas, 24–10; School of Mines (Golden, Colorado), 32–12; played a tie game with University of Nebraska, 4–4. They have been beaten twice during the season, by the Chicago Athletic Association, 10–0, and the Baker University, 32–0.

IN THE NORTHWESTERN INTERCOLLEGIATE ASSOCIATION, the University of Michigan ends the season with a record of three defeats in ten games, all three being early in the season, before the team had got into good condition. Beginning October 28th, they met some of the strongest teams in the West, and defeated them, including

Purdue, 46–8; De Pauw, 34–0; Northwestern, 72–6; Kansas, 22–0; Chicago, 28–10. They were defeated by Minnesota, 34–20, and Wisconsin, 34–18.

The athletics of Michigan University have been for three years under the nominal supervision of an Advisory Board, consisting of four members of the faculty chosen by the University Athletic Association. Much good work has been done, but it was found that still better work could be accomplished by bringing faculty and undergraduates together. Therefore recently the University Senate has appointed a committee, called the University Board for the Direction of Athletic Sports at the University of Michigan. This includes five faculty members chosen by the Senate, and four

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By COLONEL THEODORE AYRAULT DODGE.—ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS BY REMINGTON, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.
8VO, CLOTH, $4 00.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

undergraduate members chosen by the Board of Directors of the University Athletic Association. This board has full power in all matters pertaining to athletics at Ann Arbor, and is determined to wipe out the last vestige of any tendency towards professionalism. Some of the other universities in this section should follow Michigan's example.

All the teams in this section, as in the one farther West, show an improvement over last year, though they have had the advantage until this season of better coaching.

THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY sends the same report of a very successful season. Out of seventeen games played in two seasons they have lost but six, among their conquerors being the Chicago and the Detroit Athletic clubs. A serious question, which this university in particular has to contend against, is the rich athletic club preying constantly on rising college athletes. It is something which the Northwestern Association must give a rigid investigation and legislate upon this coming winter. It is something, too, for all Western colleges to scrutinize very closely. I quote from one of the several letters I have had on the subject from the West:

"Where a player at a college near some of these associations has developed into a good man, these clubs 'spot' him. When the time comes that they need a player very much for an important game, they go to this man about a week before their game, give him transportation to the club-house, try him on the field, and if he is satisfactory, and they need him badly, they give him a complete outfit. Then they make him an offer. If he plays in a game, they give him a membership worth $100 or more, and all dues paid for one year. They give him all car fare and carriage fare, also, if necessary, a ticket calling for from ten to one hundred dinners. They never consult manager or captains, and a team which is struggling to succeed sometimes loses valuable men where they need them sorely. This system will sap the life from college athletics, and take the heart out of men who cannot cope with the richer and more powerful associations."

Here is a matter which cannot receive attention too soon. It is one of the commonest and most direct roads to professionalism. If athletic clubs cannot succeed without making professionals of worthy young college athletes, who nine times out of ten do not realize what they are doing, then they had better give up athletics entirely. In this connection let me remind offending athletic clubs of the fate of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, which, for a very short while, thrived on this nefarious method of maintaining athletic teams, but finally collapsed, overwhelmed by debts and scandal.

MINNESOTA UNIVERSITY CLOSES THE SEASON with probably the best record of all the members of this Northwestern Association, having the greatest number of victories to their credit. Next to them is Wisconsin, which has defeated the universities of Ann Arbor, Purdue, Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois. The same report comes from all these of the improvement in play and general team-work; and, likewise, all the letters that I have received call for a change in the present momentum and mass plays.

Of the excellent work of the Oberlin (Ohio) College (which, by-the-way, is not the "small college" inferred, for they have 1492 students) team I have commented in a recent issue. Their record shows them to have defeated the strong elevens of both the Chicago and Illinois universities, and the team to have gone through and ended the season in the best physical condition. Until they met Case, Oberlin had won thirteen straight victories in '92 and '93.

But Ohio has furnished in the eleven of the Case School of Applied Science at Cleveland another team that ends the season with even a better record. It has not a single defeat, and among those whom it has beaten are Oberlin, 28–8, and Cleveland Athletic Club, 28–0. It looks as though this gave the championship of Ohio to this team. Some effort was made by them to get on a game with Minnesota, but the latter's schedule had been completed; and they were also disappointed in not having a game with Cornell on Thanksgiving day, the failure of the Ithacaians to get West making that impossible.

'WAY OUT IN THE EXTREME WEST, on the Pacific coast, football shows equally as much development as elsewhere. The only university game they have is between the elevens of the Leland Stanford Junior and the University of California; but from Los Angeles in the extreme south to Seattle in the extreme north there are athletic clubs which give nearly as much attention to football as do the two universities. Chief among these clubs are the Los Angeles A. C., of Los Angeles, the Reliance A.C., of Oakland, the Olympic A.C., of San Francisco, the Multnomah A.A., of Portland, and the Seattle A. C. and Tacoma A. C., of Washington. Los Angeles does not have the advantages of practice enjoyed by the others, especially the Reliance and Olympic, which have the college teams to fit them for their own game, while in the northwest there is an intercity association that gives some very interesting matches.

Last year the Seattle A. C. and the Multnomah A. A. played a tie for the championship, neither side scoring. This year Seattle won the championship of Washington by defeating Port Townsend, the University of Washington, and the Tacoma A.C.

THE MOST EXCITING GAMES, probably, played on the Sound this year were the two between Seattle and Tacoma. In the first, which was won by Seattle, the defensive work was not very good; but the second, which Seattle also won, 8–0, was a much better exhibition. Both teams had scored freely in the first, and ground could be gained at every point in the line as well as around the ends of each team. This, however, was not the case in the last game, where the defensive work of both was very much better, that of Seattle excelling. Neither side scored in the first half, and the ball was not brought dangerously near either goal. In the second, Tacoma started in with a determination that took them up to Seattle's 6-yard line. But here Seattle made a grand rally, and Tacoma could advance the ball only one yard farther on three downs. The play of both teams was sharp and snappy, and the game had no characteristics of unnecessary roughness. There was some off-side play by both elevens that was rigidly ruled upon by the umpire, but their entire work showed marked improvement in skill, and the men played a hard clean game, like sportsmen.

The Multnomah A.A. eleven not only won the championship of Oregon, but defeated Tacoma, 18–0, Seattle (twice), 11–6 and 10–0, and Washington University, 30–0. Therefore they may be said to be the champions of the Pacific northwest, which will make their game with Stanford University, January 1, '94, particularly interesting.

Considering this to have been only the third season of football in the Pacific northwest, the records of the Multnomah, Seattle, and Tacoma teams are exceedingly good. Like Seattle and Tacoma, the majority of the Portland eleven are Eastern college and preparatory school men. J. Smith, the captain, is an old Lawrenceville man; V. Smith and Page are from the University of Virginia; Raley from Amherst; Clarke was the last year's captain at West Point; Pomeroy from Columbia; and Savage from the University of Pennsylvania.

LELAND STANFORD AND UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA played a tie game last year, each making twelve points. This year they again made a tie game at one touch-down and goal each. Notwithstanding it was raining, something like ten thousand spectators saw the game. The season just closed shows that not only has the game taken a firm hold on the people in California, but the training and general athletic influence at the universities have worked a great good in curbing the usual youthful dissipations. Besides this, the spirit has spread to the schools and athletic clubs, and it is undoubtedly true that football has accomplished a great deal for the *morale* of California's school and college boys.

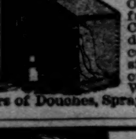
The game this year between the two universities was the best that has yet been seen on the Coast. Berkeley was stronger on the defensive, did considerably more kicking than Stanford, and Taylor, her half-back, punted much farther than Kennedy, the Leland Stanford's full-back. In fact, this feature saved Berkeley from defeat, for in the first half the University of California had the wind in their favor, and they did not forget to use it. There was considerable muffing behind the lines, for the rain and mud had made the ball slippery, and taking this fact into consideration, the play on both sides was very much closer than would have been expected from teams that have so lately taken up the game. Berkeley tried more end runs than did their opponents, who relied almost entirely on bucking tactics, either in tandem plays or in the old familiar turtle-back. Stanford showed up in better form in aggressive play, working the turtle-back two-thirds of the time, and, as every one knows, this revolving wedge play is hard to stop. Early in the game they rarely failed to make at least a few yards, but latterly were generally effectually stopped. Towards the end of the first half Stanford made a grand spurt, and succeeded in bucking Berkeley's left side for over sixty yards, by continual short gains. It called to the mind of college men who were among the spectators the '91 Harvard-Yale game, when the crimson introduced the revolving wedge, and succeeded in bucking the Yale team for at least forty yards before stopped.

BOTH BERKELEY ENDS PLAYED A GOOD GAME, especially Sherman, who weighs only 133 pounds. His tackling was remarkable, and time and again he dove into a play on tackle,

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Convenience
Is Always Attractive
To have your Writing Paper made up in neat, strong Tablets, with Blotter Cover, is a convenience which has only been available these latter days.
Blair's Writing Tablets
Are convenient in size and style. They comprise 200 varieties of fine paper. The quantity we make has reduced the price to a seeming absurdity.
CLIMAX (5½x8) 25 cts.
PARAGON 5¾x9) 35 cts.
GOOD LUCK (8x10¾) 50 cts.
Send 6 cents for Sample Book No. 5 of fine papers, or better send 25 cents for Climax Tablet and samples included, free.
J. C. BLAIR CO., Mfg. Stationers,
HUNTINGDON, PA.

ZOKA
A 4 x 5
MAGAZINE CAMERA
Carrying 12 Plates
FOR
$10.
Leather Covered. Compact.
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

THE IMPROVED HOME TURKO-RUSSIAN FOLDING BATH CABINET.

Portable, and can be used in any room. Dry Steam, Vapor, Oxygen, Medicated and Perfumed Baths. Sure cure for Colds, etc. Prevents contracting disease. Insures a healthy, clear complexion, and prevents Obesity. Send for descriptive circular. MAYOR, LANE & CO., 119 Walker St., New York, manufacturers of Douches, Sprays, and Bathing Appliances.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

Rae's Lucca Oil
The Perfection - - - - of Olive Oil.
GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE BY
S. Rae
LEGHORN, ITALY.
Established 1836.

SENATOR LELAND STANFORD'S
VINA BRANDY
Its purity is UNQUESTIONED
The experts of the French Commission at the World's Fair said, "This brandy is perfect; it is richer than any brandy produced in France."
Sold by every representative house in the trade.
Main Office, 59 Broad Street, New York.

HOTEL BRUNSWICK
Exact Size.
Perfecto.
HIGHEST AWARD
at World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893. JACOB STAHL, Jr. & CO., Makers, 168th st. and 3d ave., New York. Send $1.00 for sample box of 10 cigars.

STEINWAY
The Standard Pianos of the World!
The Largest Establishment in Existence.
Warerooms: Steinway Hall, New York.

AMES & FROST CO.,
Chicago, Ill.
SHREWD Cyclers always post themselves before purchasing wheels. We ask you to become posted about the
IMPERIAL WHEELS. Our catalogue will help you. Send for it.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by my Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Warranted to help more cases than all similar devices combined. Help ears as glasses do eyes. Sold by F. Hiscox only, 853 Br'dway, N.Y. Send for book of proofs FREE

HAPPENCHANCE
A unique magazine by amateurs for amateurs. Sold in the N. H. Room, Grand Central Depot, N.Y. Twenty cents in postage stamps, by mail, enclosed to
HAPPENCHANCE,
Mamaroneck, N. Y.
Ask for the Christmas Number.

MAGIC LANTERNS WANTED AND FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.
HARBACH & CO. 809 Filbert St. Phila. Pa.

The Christ-Child in Art.
A Study of Interpretation. By HENRY VAN DYKE. Illustrated. pp. xviii., 236. 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $4 00.

A work that can hardly fail to become of permanent value, by reason of the mass of well-arranged and carefully digested material that it contains, and the thoroughness, the fine artistic taste, and the dignity of sentiment with which it discourses of its theme.—*Saturday Evening Gazette*, Boston.

To the good quality of his illustrations, to the catholicity of his taste, and to a feeling for sentiment that escapes falling into sentimentality, the Rev. Henry van Dyke will be indebted for whatever success his book may meet. —*N. Y. Tribune.*

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.
☞ *For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent by the publishers, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada, or Mexico, on receipt of the price.*

FACE SPOTS
FACE SPOTS
A PLASTIC EMOLLIENT CREAM
"VINOLIA"
FOR THE SKIN
BLONDEAU & Cie
London, Paris, & New York.
ENGLISH DEPOT
Ryland Road
LONDON, N.W.
FACE SPOTS
FACE SPOTS
Editor of 'Baby' reports:
"For acne spots on the face it is undoubtedly efficacious, frequently removing pimples in a few days. It relieves itching at once."
Of all good druggists, or direct, 50 cts. per box,
Blondeau et Cie., 73-77 Watts St., New York

EAU
DE
Cologne
REGINA
GELLÉ FRÈRES
6, Avenue de l'Opéra, 6
PARIS
For sale at PARK & TILFORD'S and all leading houses.

This INK made by
J. HARPER BONNELL CO.
NEW YORK.

getting the runner every time. He also got the field finally on kicks. Kennedy was weak on catching, and Stanford was very lucky in securing the ball several times after muffing it. Stanford made ground on a kick in the second half, which a Berkeley player had allowed to bounce, and then failed to secure until it had rolled back twenty-five yards. This put the ball in Berkeley's territory; as the wind was blowing strongly, Taylor was not able to kick out of danger, and as they were not able to run it out, Stanford, after a hard struggle, scored. There was considerable off-side play and slugging, which the umpire, George C. Carter, to his credit be it said, severely ruled upon. Both quarters were sent off for slugging, and as the Berkeley quarter was also the captain, it looked as if the University of California might go to pieces, but they kept to their work steadily up to the very end.

From the time Berkeley took the ball to the centre of the field after Stanford's touch-down, the latter were completely outplayed. Both lost the ball several times by off-side play and holding, but Berkeley was the greater offender, and at times when they seemed to have a good chance for another score, or when they might have been able to get the ball out of their territory, as was the case just before Stanford scored.

STANFORD HAD THREE GOOD LINE-BUCKING HALF-BACKS, who generally made their distance, and after Hunt turned his ankle Stanford kept hammering away at left tackle, which was weakened by the playing of a substitute. On the other side of the line the Berkeley tackle, who played opposite Cochran, supposed to be the best man on the Coast, was able to more than hold his man, and put up one of the best games on the field. He ran well with the ball, and very few gains were made through him.

Another player who did much for California was Pierce, the centre. His game was not showy, but he defended his position ably, and got the ball back to quarter finally. Frankenheimer put up the best game back of the line for Stanford, and never failed to gain something. He resembles Phil King in build, but has, of course, neither the skill nor speed of Princeton's quarter. In the Stanford line Whitehouse and Macmillan made the best showing. The latter plays an aggressive game, and as he is strong and well built, he is able to do good work in breaking through.

Berkeley did very well in line defensive, and the men behind the line backed it up nicely. Stanford's backs did most of their ground-gaining, while Berkeley depended to a large degree on their tackles in wedge plays. Berkeley was without a good bucking half-back, as both the best men, Hunt and Morse, were laid up, therefore the Berkeley halves when called upon invariably tried ends.

PRINCETON, YALE, OR HARVARD would probably be able to win from either Berkeley or Stanford by a score of thirty to forty points. Stanford worked the turtle-back about as effectually as any team that ever attempted it, but showed little or no interference. The University of California played a tackle wedge, with which they generally make good gains, but they were rather slow. Berkeley backs interfere well on occasions. The team-work is not so strong as it is in the East; the players have not yet begun to realize the necessity of getting into every play. Thus it is not an uncommon thing to see men standing idly around when they should be adding their strength to a wedge, or following the ball down the field. They are particularly weak in this latter respect, and do much better in push plays.

There are some very good players on each team, and probably five or six out of twenty-two would be called 'varsity men in the East. Until within the last few years the college spirit has not been strong enough to create that intense rivalry which incites a man to work hard to get on a football team. Both captains managed their teams well.

IN THE PROGRESS OF FOOTBALL THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH there has been more difficulty than in the West, because of an inherent prejudice Southerners appear to have against the game, and the difficulty of getting competent coaches. But the past year has shown as much development in the game as in any other section of the country, and probably more, considering the disadvantages.

Of the Southern teams, the University of Virginia eleven have ended the season with the greatest number of victories to its credit, including a 12–0 winning against the Naval Academy, 30–0 against Trinity (North Carolina), and 16–0 against the University of North Carolina. Virginia has been playing football longer than any of the others in the South, and turning out excellent teams, both in football and baseball, for the last two or three years. Her men have been heavy as a rule, and shown more football science than any other Southern team.

Trinity College won the championship of North Carolina by defeating the university of that State, 6–4, at Durham, November 4th, having previously beaten Wake Forest, 10–6. New-Yorkers had their first opportunity of seeing a Southern team when the University of North Carolina played Lehigh, and was defeated, 30–0, showing poor interference and a great deal of fumbling. Against the University of Virginia on Thanksgiving day they played a stronger game, although somewhat crippled by the loss of two of their best half-backs. In the first half neither team scored, Virginia playing on the defensive; but in the second North Carolina went to pieces, allowing Virginia to make long gains around her ends. This victory gives the University of Virginia the championship of the South. Her eleven are strong, and the team-work good.

IN TENNESSEE, ALABAMA, AND GEORGIA the interest in the game and general enthusiasm has been still greater. Vanderbilt won the championship of Tennessee, defeating the University of the South (Sewanee, Tennessee) by a score of 10–0. Auburn (Alabama) had previously won from Vanderbilt, but lost to Sewanee later.

The Institute of Technology at Atlanta has put out the strongest team in Georgia, having defeated the University of Georgia by a score of 28–6. The St. Alban's eleven of Virginia defeated the Georgia Institute of Technology at Atlanta on Thanksgiving day before over 4000 spectators, the largest number that ever witnessed a match in the South.

Next to Virginia, Vanderbilt are undoubtedly the strongest eleven in the South this year. Their play has been the most resourceful and the snappiest.

STILL FARTHER SOUTH, IN NEW ORLEANS, the game has had almost its first season, nursed into a healthy growth by the Bayne brothers, two old Yale players. The football played in New Orleans this season was very much better than could have been expected on such short acquaintance, but probably the most satisfactory showing was the fine spirit among the men. There has never been any sign of slugging in these games, nor of unfair play. Some idea of this most sportsmanlike spirit among these men may be gained by the statement that the Southern Athletic Club in their game with the University of Mississippi refused to take the ball on four downs, because the referee had made a miscount, and there were only three downs. And again, in the Tulane-University of Mississippi game, Tulane refused to take advantage of the same mistake.

In this section there are teams of the Southern Athletic Club and the Tulane, Baton Rouge, and Mississippi universities. Not only is the spirit so sportsmanlike in this section, but my letters from there tell me the accidents have been confined absolutely to bruises, with the one exception of a torn ligament, which was the opening of an old hurt.

Besides the physical benefit of the game, its influence on the social life of young men has been pronounced. The Southerner is prone to "drifting," and by the pleasantest route. The athletic wave that has swept over the South has put new spirit into the young men, and lessened the receipts of saloons to an appreciable degree.

The honors are shared by the University of Mississippi and the Southern Athletic Club. Neither of them had ever been defeated or even scored against until they met, November 30th, and the Southern A.C. won.

OVER IN TEXAS, GALVESTON AND DALLAS both have teams, and the progress of the game has been very great the past season. Football has been somewhat slower here in its development than elsewhere in the South because of the scarcity of coaches. Most of the work has fallen on Southern college men, who are themselves comparatively beginners in the game. Only within the last two years has football begun to thrive; but it has been making up for lost time this season. There is considerable inter-city rivalry, which furnishes exciting contests, and the schools have been picking up the game rapidly, helped on to a more correct interpretation of the rules by the return, during vacations, of the boys who had become familiar with them at the various colleges throughout the South.

NO YEAR HAS FURNISHED more satisfactory umpiring and refereeing than the one just closed. Decisions of Referee Dr. W. A. Brooks and Umpire Paul Dashiel were prompt and absolutely just. And, indeed, the work of these gentlemen, and of Messrs. Alexander Moffatt and Charles Schoff at Springfield, has been especially praiseworthy in an uncommonly trying season, Dr. Brooks probably deserving a little extra word for his umpiring in the Princeton-Pennsylvania game, November 4th, on Manheim Field.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE JUDGES Of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION
Have made the
HIGHEST AWARDS
(Medals and Diplomas) to
WALTER BAKER & CO.
On each of the following-named articles:
BREAKFAST COCOA, ...
Premium No. 1, Chocolate, . . .
Vanilla Chocolate, ...
German Sweet Chocolate, ...
Cocoa Butter. . . . .
For "purity of material," "excellent flavor," and "uniform, even composition."
WALTER BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
BREAKFAST—SUPPER.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." —"*Civil Service Gazette.*"
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:
JAMES EPPS & CO., Ltd.,
Homœopathic Chemists, London, England.

ALWAYS AN ACCEPTABLE XMAS PRESENT!
A BOX or FANCY BASKET
FILLED WITH
Huyler's
DELICIOUS
Bonbons and Chocolates
863 Broadway, New York.
ORDERS BY MAIL RECEIVE PROMPT AND CAREFUL ATTENTION.

When the first Napoleon gave an elaborate banquet at Versailles it was always topped off by a Marie Brizard & Roger Cordial. They are still on sale and the quality never changes.
T. W. Stemmler, Union Square, New York.

Financial.
Letters of Credit.
Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Cable Transfers to Europe and West Indies. Commercial and Travellers' Letters of Credit. Collections made.
Brown Brothers & Co.,
BANKERS, No. 59 WALL STREET.

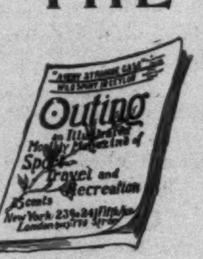
DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS
Are unequaled for smooth, tough points.
Samples worth double the money for 16c.
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.
Mention *Harper's Weekly.*

WANTED—5,000 LADIES' TO ASK THEIR OPTICIAN FOR A LLOYD PATENT EYEGLASS CASE. FREE.

CALISAYA LA RILLA
AN EXQUISITE CORDIAL OF CALISAYA
CHAS ALLEN REED 9 CLIFF ST. NEW YORK

In Convalescence—one is particularly susceptible to drafts and sudden chills, with serious consequences.
At such times,
CALISAYA LA RILLA
is an indispensable tonic, prompt in action and delicious to the taste.
Of all druggists.

THE EXPONENT 12.



Outing
an Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Sport Travel and Recreation
25 cents
New York 239 & 241 Fifth Ave.

Twelve times is a year's subscription to OUTING, when presented to a friend, a messenger of good will, and as fresh and bright the twelfth time as the first. No gift would be more appreciated by a college student than a year's subscription to
OUTING ($3.00)
Together with WALTER CAMP'S BOOK OF COLLEGE SPORTS ($1.75), or with the BOYS' BOOK OF SPORTS ($2.00). We are offering either of these books and OUTING for $4.00.
The Programme for 1894
Is an elaborate one in every department. Articles from well-known pens appear each month on Athletics, Fishing, Amateur Photography, Cycling, Aquatics, All Field Sports, Hunting, Equestrianism, and Adventure.
THE MONTHLY RECORD DEPARTMENT, edited by the noted athlete Jno. Corbin (Harvard, 1892), will be greatly enlarged to cover all important events in Amateur Sport.
Send 2-cent stamp for Sample Copy.
OUTING CO., Ltd., New York.

The most perfect toilet powder is
LA VELOUTINE FAY
Special Poudre de Riz
Prepared with bismuth by CH. FAY, Parfumer, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris
USE NONE OTHER
Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

ESTERBROOK'S PENS
26 JOHN ST., N. Y.

ESTERBROOK & Co FALCON PEN

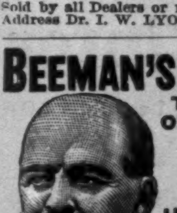
THE BEST MADE.

DR. LYON'S
PERFECT

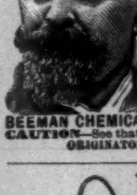
DR. I. W. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER

TOOTH POWDER
Thoroughly cleanses the teeth and purifies the breath. Absolutely pure and harmless. Put up in metal boxes with Patent Extension Measuring Tube. Price, 25c.
AN ELEGANT TOILET LUXURY.
Very Convenient for Tourists.
Sold by all Dealers or mailed on receipt of price.
Address Dr. I. W. LYON, 88 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.
A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
FOR ALL FORMS OF
INDIGESTION.
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to
BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.
CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.



DEAFNESS
Relieved by science. The greatest invention of the age. Wilson's common-sense ear drums; simple, practical, comfortable, safe, and invisible. No string or wire attachment. Try them and you will discard all others. *Send for Pamphlets.*
WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Louisville, Ky.

20th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).
THE HUMAN HAIR,
Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & CO., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*